

Midwest Folklore

FALL, 1960

Published by

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

Vol. X, No. 3

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Midwest Folklore

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BY ELLI KAIJA KONGAS
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IMMIGRANT FOLKLORE: SURVIVAL OR LIVING TRADITION?

THE PROBLEMS WHICH are connected with immigrant folklore in the United States have so far been little investigated. Of course, one can refer to Richard M. Dorson's *Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers*,¹ or to the corresponding chapter in his *American Folklore*,² but, generally, it can be said that no monographs on the folklore of an immigrant group *in comparison with the tradition behind it* have been published.³ Therefore, even the essential problems of this field still await their solution.

In September 1959, I quite unintentionally ran across a case which called my attention to this type of question. I was in Vermont, a state where there are only 300 Finns.⁴ I was brought into contact with the only Finnish inhabitant of St. Albans, Mrs. Fannie Jurva.

Of course I was interested in finding out about Finnish folklore in the United States, but such an isolated person was not exactly whom I had planned to interview: folklore is a communal thing, as everybody knows, if not created communally, at least carried on only in a group, by the intercommunication of the group members.

After a very short discussion Mrs. Jurva and I found that we had something in common: her birth-place was a township in Northern Ostrobothnia, the province where I had been born and had gone to school. I also could follow her dialect, since I had been collecting folklore in Kuivaniemi, a township neighboring her birth-place, Muhos. In Kuivaniemi I had collected a number of Enemy Tales (*vainolaistarinat*);⁵ I asked whether she knew some of them. This was the start of a long storytelling period: Fannie Jurva told me a cycle of *vainolaistarinat*, which are on the one hand historical legends, on the other, legends about the supernatural—legends which are told as true accounts of the past of the local people. They are told in a large area, like the Finnish *tarinat* in general, but they are always told as having taken place either exactly in the place in question or in a place close enough to be known.

The basis for the *vainolaistarinat* is the numerous guerilla wars which occurred between Finland and her neighbor behind the eastern frontier. Two wars are often referred to in the legends, "The Great Hate" in 1713-1721, and "The War of Finland" in 1808-1809. The former was, indeed, a cruel one; two thirds of the Finnish population perished in the horrors of the war. The latter was a less bloody one but a war which resulted in the separation of Finland from Sweden, to which she had belonged for about 700 years; for the next century she was to be an autonomous Grand Duchy under the Russian czar. Partly, the Enemy Tales seem to reflect real events which happened during the Great Hate; partly, the place-names and personal names show that folk memory confuses some facts with other facts and still other facts with beliefs. Persons who appear in the legends were mostly private guerillas who struggled against the Karelian Finns who had moved to the Northern part of Eastern Karelia (Vienna) from Northern Ostrobothnia. The cruelty of the enemies, *vainolaiset*, or *vihavenäläiset*, or *koirankuonolaiset* ("enemies," or "wrath-Russians," or "dog-headed people") is strongly emphasized in the legends; additional stress is laid upon the boldness and quick-wittedness of the Finnish heroes. The favourite hero of the enemy legends is Laurukainen, "the blond boy" (*valkeapää poika*), who plays many tricks on the Russians. It is of interest to notice that the enemy, although called a Russian, always speaks the Vienna dialect in the tales. It is also of interest that

the same tales are told from the point of view of the other participants of the battles, the Karelians. At such times, the Finns are the cruel ones and the Karelians the suffering group.

Fannie Jurva was well acquainted with the Enemy Cycle. She told about Laurukainen, and he acted in her tales according to the traditional pattern: he guided a group of enemies to an isolated island, took away their boat while the enemies were asleep, and thus caused their death. He also shot the rapids with a number of enemies who were not familiar with the art of rapid-shooting: he took the boat to a dangerous place and himself jumped to a rock. All of the enemies were drowned. Laurukainen, in these tales, is a hero from Muhos; but there are perhaps a hundred other places which hail him as a hero of their own past.⁶

Fannie Jurva related stories of another, more real and strictly local hero, *Musta-Nykyri*, the Black-Nykyri. He was referred to as an eye-turner, a concept which is usually met with in humorous anecdotes. Black-Nykyri made a large group of enemies flee by turning a barrel full of feathers into soldiers in their eyes. Fannie felt a true need of making her stories believeable: because Black-Nykyri was this type of an eye-turner, his house was saved, and thus it was one of the oldest houses in the village, she stated.

A humorous enemy tale, which perhaps has the largest distribution of all of them in Finland, belonged also to the repertoire of Fannie Jurva. That is the tale about an old woman who was so talkative that she was also known to the enemies; she always revealed their coming. She was hiding under a bridge when a number of the enemies passed by and said, "There used to be an old prattler-woman here; where might she have disappeared?" The old woman, listening to this, said from under the bridge, "I neither prattle nor flatter, I only tell things as they are." (*En ole kielas enkä mielas, mutta sanon asiat arvolleen.*) She was killed.

In addition to the Enemy Tales, Fannie Jurva gave me several good variants of Finnish treasure tales, again told as true and as attached to her home localities. In this connection, she stressed once more the point that her stories were true: she had learned them from her grandmother Priitta Liisa Karjalainen, maiden name Sipola, who was born in Muhos in the 1840's. Some of the treasures that she told about had been buried during the Great Hate, and she very truly followed the usual way in which treasure tales are told: she stated the conditions under which a treasure could be brought into the daylight. These conditions belong to motifs which appear in treasure tales and some *Märchen*: they are tasks impossible to fulfill. The task

here is to cross a river which has a layer of one night's ice as its cover; the crossing must be done by a one-night old infant boy in a sleigh drawn by a one-night old foal.

These are some examples of tales Fannie Jurva told me in her home in St. Albans, Vermont. She was sixty-nine years old, and had spent forty-three years in this country, apparently with very little contact with other Finns from her own district. She obviously enjoyed her story-telling and was deeply moved by the fact that there was someone to listen to her and even write down her stories. Because she had in the beginning of our talk learned that I was from the same part of Finland as she, she somehow had the feeling that we were sharing the same knowledge; oftentimes, she asked whether my parents had told me a tale which she then related as if to compare or to be sure I knew the story in the right way. Her way of telling was very clear and fluent, and the entire cycle of the enemy tales seemed to form a unit in her mind: after my first question, I hardly needed to ask anything. She was also aware of the fact that I lagged behind. When she saw this she interrupted her story and was always able to continue where she had stopped. I did not give her a start or tell any variants; I asked very few and very general questions, such as "Did they tell about any treasures in Muhos?" This was enough to carry her away to the midst of treasure tradition for quite a while.

The first question which arose in my mind when I was listening to Mrs. Jurva was: how is it to be explained that many of her tales obviously are, if not better, at least as good as the variants which one can collect in the same area in Finland today? I noticed an interesting phenomenon: when she was reciting her stories, she did not use English words; to be exact, I observed three of them. Two of them were at the end of the variant and did not belong to the variant itself. One was put to rhyme with a Finnish word in the last sentence of the variant: "The Talkative Old Woman" (*Kielas akka*) ended as told by her, "*Niün ne sen sitten sai. Ko se oli semmonen niinko spai.*" ("So that was why they caught her. Because she was a kind of a *spy*.") Here *spai*, of course, is the English "spy." She ended another variant saying, "*Ne sanot että se oli tosi stori.*" ("They said it was a true *story*.") *Stori*, as well as the third word, *nafaksi*, which comes from the English "enough," is one of the most frequently occurring English words in the speech of the Finnish Americans. Otherwise the folklore variants which Mrs. Jurva told were presented in a good and very pure Ostrobothnian dialect; but when she spoke about her kitchen equipment or other topics of everyday life, she used many "Finglish" words.

The conclusion to be drawn here is, I think, that folklore belongs to the most conservative part of one's mental possessions. But when I think back to the corresponding variants which I collected in Northern Finland from informants of the same age as Mrs. Jurva, I have the impression that those persons who live in the midst of living linguistic tradition modernize their storytelling manner, whereas no renewal of the style had taken place in Fannie Jurva's tradition. She told her variants in the same manner that Priitta Liisa Karjalainen had told them in the beginning of the century in Muhos. Isolation means conservatism.

Another very striking question is: how can tradition be kept alive without continuous retelling and intercommunication? Fannie Jurva was surprised by two things, that she still remembered her variants and that someone was interested in them. This was for me the first occasion to realize that folklore indeed can also be a survival; the Finnish scholars, ever since Kaarle Krohn very early rejected the notion of survival in his concept of folklore, have not been stressing the survival nature of folklore, but rather its life by force of its functions. Here we have a tradition which for decades had no function whatsoever—there was nobody to listen to it, there was nobody to understand it, not to speak of appreciation. The local legends which faithfully referred to villages, houses, and persons in Muhos, could not interest even a Finnish listener in the U.S. if he were not familiar with the localities and persons in question.

Folklore seems to survive for some time without a proper function. But Mrs. Jurva's daughter, an American chiropractor, although proud of her Finnish background, was not a storyteller any more. Her main language was English, and, at least in this case, tradition was not able to cross the language barrier, although both generations are bilingual. Fannie Jurva is a Finn with knowledge of the English language, and her daughter is an American with some knowledge of Finnish. It is of course not possible to draw any general conclusions on the basis of limited materials, but whenever I have met Finns who prefer speaking the English language, I have noticed that their knowledge of Finnish folklore is minimal. This is to be explained partly by the fact that a small group, at least, gives up its folklore when it gives up its language, but partly also with the acculturation process which results in a strong concern with the new environment.

Space does not allow the publication of many of the variants which I wrote down from Fannie Jurva's repertoire,⁷ which certainly was not exhausted when I had to leave. I will give one of the enemy

tales, one of the treasure tales, and one humorous belief tale. The Finnish legends are usually very short, and in this respect Fannie Jurva again meets the requirements of her inherited tradition.

VARIANTS

1.

It was talked about, there was a kind of an old-fashioned farmhouse, Nykyri. When the Russian enemy (*vihavenäläinen*) came there to Muhos, that Black-Nykyri was an eye-turner (*silmänkääntäjä*). The workers came to say that the Russian enemy was coming. They didn't know what they should do, they didn't have enough strength. He went to the storehouse (*aitta*) and found a barrel full of feathers there in the storehouse. So he flung the feathers and the wind came just from that direction, against the enemy, so the feathers turned into soldiers. The wrath-Russian was frightened and turned back. That's why the house was saved—it's one of the oldest houses; we even went there. They said it was a true story.

2.

Grandmother's home was Sipola. That was the farmhouse where her parents had hidden their money and valuables. They buried them in some cave so the Russians wouldn't find them. Then afterwards the relatives were told in a dream, some kind of ransom (*lunnaat*) was demanded of them, that they should do some trick so they would find the treasure then. Nobody could ever do the trick. They could have found the treasures there in the hillside.

Then I remember how my grandmother sometimes early in the morning—you could see from there to the Sipola hill—grandmother sometimes said in the morning, "Look, the smoke is rising; the spirits (*haltiat*) are burning the mildew off the coins, so if anybody ever finds them, they'll still be clean and shiny."

3.

They thought it was the devil that carried the souls around there in the graveyard. Two boys had, at one time, stolen apples from somewhere close to the graveyard. Then they went there by the cemetery fence to divide the apples. Then someone was walking there in the cemetery. He heard how the boys were saying:

"One for you
and one for me,"

and as the man thought that the devil was dividing the souls there, he went away, because he thought that the reckoning had come.

The boy said that one was missing, and so it was said:

"One is missing, said the devil as he divided souls,"

or

"One is missing, said the devil as he counted souls."

NOTES

¹ Richard M. Dorson, *Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers* (Cambridge, Mass., 1952).

² Richard M. Dorson, *American Folklore* (Chicago, 1959). The chapter "Immigrant Folklore" and its footnotes also give an account of studies written in this field.

³ For example, Phyllis H. Williams, *South Italian Folkways in Europe and America* (New Haven, 1938) only occasionally refers to folklore; this work was, as the author states, meant to serve as a handbook of social workers etc.

⁴ According to the census report for 1950. "Finns" here means immigrants who were born in Finland and now are American citizens.

⁵ About the Enemy Tales, see Martti Haavio's discussion in his *Suomalaisen muinaisrunouden maailma*. [The World of the Ancient Finnish Poetry] (Porvoo, 1935). In this general treatise of Finnish folklore, there is a chapter called *Vainolaisepos* [The Enemy Epic]. Cf. Lauri Simonsuuri, ed. *Kotiseudun tarinoita* (Helsinki, 1951), 333-422. Enemy Tales are essential in the folklore of Northern Ostrobothnia.

⁶ The Folklore Archives of the Finnish Literature Society (*Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seuran kansanrunousarkisto*), Helsinki, Hallituskatu 1, has large numbers of all these tales in its files.

⁷ The entire collection is on deposit in Indiana University Folklore Archives, Library 41, Bloomington, Ind. The variants are both in the original Finnish and in English translation, followed by annotations where possible.

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BY RUTH ANN MUSICK
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Fairmont, West Virginia

THE TRICKSTER STORY IN WEST VIRGINIA

THE TRICKSTER STORY probably exists in every language, and in every country, clan or tribe, regardless of the cultural development. The hero may be Coyote, Fox, Rabbit, Turtle—or he may be a clever youth or man, as Jack in the Jack Tales.

The trickster stories that I have collected in West Virginia have been brought over from Europe by the miners in the early 1900's, and in every case the trickster is a man or boy. In some tales the trickery consists of a comparatively mild battle of wits between the hero and a stupid ogre (or bear), but in others it develops into rather shocking cruelty to innocent victims. The following examples illustrate the trickster story as told in three European countries and retold by West Virginia miners.

1. THE GYPSY AND THE BEAR (RUSSIAN)

(*Tale Types 1049 and 1115. Contributed by Valentino Zabolotny, as told to him by his father.*)

In a small cabin near a wooded section of a small southern European country, there once lived a gypsy. He lived alone and was contented with his way of life. He owned a large store of food and did not have to work hard to exist.

One day, while sitting in a chair, tilted back against the cabin, and watching the beautiful scenery around him, he was startled to see a large, vicious looking bear approaching. Although very frightened, the gypsy managed to retain his composure and when the bear was within a few feet of him, asked with a feigned air of annoyance, "What can I do for you, Bear?"

The bear stopped and said, "I'm hungry and I came here to eat you."

The gypsy, a very quick-witted man, replied, "In case you haven't heard, I'm Gregory, the strongest man in Europe, and I can kill you with a single blow. Why not be friends with me, since you are probably the strongest bear in these woods? You can share my cabin and food, and together we will be invincible."

The bear was not completely convinced that Gregory was a stronger individual than himself, but he did not want to take a chance. Living with the gypsy, he would soon find out how strong he really was. So they agreed to live together.

The bear volunteered to cook supper that evening and he handed Gregory a two-hundred gallon barrel and said, "Take this and get me some water from the well."

The gypsy, knowing he could not lift the barrel even if it were empty, said, "No, we need more water than that. I won't have any use for the barrel."

He then walked out to the well and began to dig a ditch around it. The bear, watching curiously, asked, "What are you doing, Greg?"

"I'm going to move the whole well closer to the cabin, so you can have all the water you need," replied Gregory.

The bear was obviously impressed, but he said, "Never mind; that will take too long."

He then picked up the barrel, filled it with water from the well, and went back to his cooking. The gypsy breathed a sigh of relief.

The next day the bear volunteered to barbecue some meat outside the cabin and said to the gypsy, "Run over to the woods and get me about two or three large trees to build a fire with."

"We'll need more wood than that," said the gypsy. "I'll get all you can use."

The bear watched as the gypsy got a large rope from the cabin and disappeared into the woods. When he failed to return in about twenty minutes the bear went to investigate and found Gregory patiently tying a section of the rope to each trunk of about fifty trees.

"What are you doing?" asked the bear.

"Why, when I have enough trees tied to this rope, I'm going to drag them back to our cabin so that you'll have plenty of wood," replied Gregory.

The bear looked at him with wonder and said to himself, "What a strong man he must be!" But he was impatient for dinner and said, "Never mind; I can't wait." With this he ripped five trees out of the ground and walked back to the cabin with them.

That night, after they had both gone to bed, the bear decided to kill the gypsy while he slept. So, about midnight, he went outside and got a huge club made from the trunk of a large tree and went back inside the gypsy's bed and beat the still form under the blankets until he was exhausted. Then he went back to bed and dreamed of the delicious meal he would have in the morning. But, little did he know that Gregory had suspected him of treachery and, when the bear had gone outside, he had put old clothes under the covers and hidden himself under the bed. After the bear went back to sleep he got back into bed.

Next morning when the bear awakened, he was shocked to see the gypsy, whistling happily, fixing breakfast.

"Er—how did you sleep last night?" asked the bear.

"Never slept better in my life," replied the gypsy.

"Oh," said the bear, slightly stunned.

Although the bear was greatly impressed by the gypsy's seemingly great strength, he decided to have a showdown. "How would you like to race me to the top of the mountain, this morning?" he asked.

The gypsy reluctantly agreed, knowing if the bear won, he would find out that the gypsy was nothing but a bluff, and as a result, make a meal of him. But there was no way out and so they started up the mountainside, the bear quickly taking the lead with the gypsy close behind. It soon became obvious that the bear would win the race easily.

After several hours the bear reached the top of the mountain and turned around to see how far behind the gypsy was. But Gregory was nowhere in sight.

"What an easy victory that was," thought the bear. "Now, I know I'm going to make a meal of him."

Suddenly the bear heard the gypsy's voice behind him. "Where have you been? I've been waiting for you for an hour," he said.

The bear was so flabbergasted that he ran off mumbling to himself.

The gypsy smiled and recalled how, when the bear begun to pull away from him at the beginning of the race, he had reached out and grabbed the bear's tail and hung on while the bear pulled him up the mountainside, and, after reaching the top, how the bear had turned around to see how far he had left the gypsy behind and in so doing had swung the gypsy around behind him, causing the bear to think the gypsy had been there all along.

2. THE SCHEMER AND THE FLUTE (YUGOSLAVIAN)

(*This is Tale Type 1535, IV b. It was contributed by Homer W. Delovich of Monongah, as told to him by his grandfather.*)

John and his wife dug a hole, put some rocks in it, and then covered it with dirt. Then they built a fire on top of the ground. After the fire had burned out, they scraped away all the ashes and made it look like it had before. Then they put a kettle of water on top of the ground, and with the hot rocks underneath, the water began to boil. John and his wife sat down and waited.

Two men passed by where John and his wife were sitting. They saw the kettle with the water boiling in it and asked what caused it to boil. John told them that this was a magic kettle. The men looked at each other in amazement. Then one man said, "I will give you a cow for the kettle," at the same time thinking how convenient it would be to own the kettle.

John agreed to the trade. He and his wife took the cow home, butchered and skinned it, and put the meat in a smokehouse. While John was taking the intestines away, he thought of another scheme. He told his wife that he would fill the intestine with blood, wrap it around her neck, and that night she should come to the tavern where he would be, and pretend to quarrel with him. He would then take a knife and cut the bladder as if to kill her, and she would fall to the floor. He would then take out a flute, play it, and she would pretend to return to life. John's wife agreed to this.

That night John went to the tavern. After a while, his wife came and they got into the quarrel, as planned. John pulled out his knife and cut her throat. The blood began to flow freely, and the wife fell to the floor as if dead. The other men looked on in amazement at the brutal murder that had just been committed before their eyes.

They asked John what he was going to do. John calmly sat down and began to play the flute. After he had played for about two minutes, his wife got up off the floor, walked outside, down the road, and went home.

The men in the tavern were so completely bewildered that they couldn't talk. Finally, after a long silence, they asked John what kind of magic this was. John told them that this was a magic flute and it could bring the dead back to life. Then he told them that he needed money and that he would willingly sell the flute, if given the right price. One man thought of all the money he could make by bringing dead people back to life. He bought the flute from John for an enormous sum. John hurried home, packed all his belongings, and he and his wife left town.

In the meantime the man that bought the flute went home. He found his wife with another man and he became furious. The other man ran away and his wife frantically started to make excuses. He cunningly thought how he would cure her of flirting. He would kill her and, after a while, bring her back to life and really give her a good scare. He took out his knife and cut her throat just as he had seen John do. His wife fell to the floor, dead. After a while he began to play the flute, but nothing happened. Frantically he played; still nothing happened. He tried and tried again and again to play the tune he had heard, but still she remained dead.

He was put in prison for life. And, they say to this day, that if you ever go by a certain prison in Yugoslavia, you can still hear someone playing a flute, and thinking that the beautiful music could make a dead person sit up and listen.

3. THE MAN WHO WANTED TO LIVE WITHOUT WORK. (ITALIAN)

(Contributed by Violet Forchi, as told her by Joe Catania. This is Tale Type 1000. Labor Contract [Anger Bargain]. It also includes Types 1002 and 1004.)

Once there was a man who was always thinking of a way to live without work. He put an advertisement in the paper for someone to watch his sheep, and a youth, seeing the advertisement, came to see about the job. The owner had already made up the contract, stating that the person who took the job was to watch a thousand sheep and a dog. The employee was to have one loaf of bread a day and a quart of wine for his meals. On this he was to feed the dog and himself. If he could do this for a year without getting angry, he could have the sheep for his own use. However, he was to receive no pay during this time, and neither he nor his employer was to become angry. According

to the contract, the first one who lost his temper would have his nose cut off.

After reading the contract, the youth told the owner that he would let him know. He then went home to tell his mother and brothers about the job. His mother said she could not see how he could do this. He told her he would take more bread from home, and, if he could only manage for a year, they would have plenty of sheep. His brothers agreed that he could probably do this, so the boy went back and signed the contract.

The next day he took the sheep and the dog out into the fields and watched them. When a week or two had gone by, the owner tried to feed the dog, but it would not eat. This pleased the owner, since he wanted the contract to continue longer. If the dog ever ate, the employee lost his job. About a week later, the boy lost all patience and went to see his employer. As he gave the sheep and dog back, the owner cut off his nose and sent him home.

The boy went home crying, without a nose. His mother asked him what had happened, when she saw his mouth and face covered with blood. After he told his story, everyone became very angry and one of his other brothers said that he was going to work for the man in order to get even with him.

The second brother went as the first had done, and signed the contract. About two months later he came home without a nose, as his brother had.

The third brother, John, said he would go and fight it out. Although he was the youngest, he was determined to win out. He was not going to lose patience or give up. He went to the employer, asked to see the contract, signed it, went back home to his mother, and told her he had accepted the job.

The next day he went out to watch the sheep and the dog, but before he left home, he asked one of his brothers to meet him at a certain spot that night, as he had a plan. When night came, he killed one of the sheep and gave it to his brother to take home. He killed another sheep for himself, roasted it, and gave part of it to the dog to eat. Later that night he took the dog to the employer, who tried to feed it, but it did not want anything to eat. The employer was very pleased to see that the boy and dog were getting along on one loaf of bread a day.

The next morning the youth went back to the fields to take care of the sheep. Again his brother was waiting for him, and again John killed a sheep and gave it to his brother to take home. Also, he prepared another for himself and the dog. He told himself that before

the year was up he would have all the sheep. He was determined too, to get his employer's nose before he got his.

After taking care of the sheep that day, John went to the butcher and asked if he would like to buy a sheep. In fact he went to more than one butcher. He made plans for them to meet him the next day at a certain place where he would have his sheep for them to see. They asked him how much he wanted for his animals, and he told them he was selling them for half price. He took the money, and the butchers left. He then killed another sheep and made a roast for himself and the dog.

That night he was to take the sheep to his employer for him to see. His boss noticed that he was about a hundred sheep short and asked where the missing ones were. John told him he had called and called, but some of them did not want to come. He asked the owner if he were angry, but he said he wasn't.

The next day John went to the fields and made arrangements for selling more of the sheep. This time he sold about four hundred, and as usual, he killed one for himself and the dog. When he returned to the employer that night with the sheep, he was asked where the others were. John gave the same answer he had given before—that the sheep had not come when he called. He asked the man if this made him angry, and the answer was again "No." John tried his best to make him angry, but could not seem to do so.

The owner told John to bring the sheep to him the next day, that they must all dance for him, and that John was to play the flute while they danced. John said, "How can I do that?" The man told him if he did not make the sheep dance, he was going to cut off his nose.

When the butchers arrived the next day to buy more sheep, John told them about his problem. They all said that they would help. They took a sharp knife and cut off one leg from each sheep. Since the dog was to dance also, John put him up against a tree and cut off one of his legs too. When the animals tried to walk, they all limped and this made them look as if they were dancing.

When the employer saw this, he said, "This fool has ruined all of my sheep. What am I to do now?"

John asked him if he were angry. However, the man was not going to give up either. He said that it really didn't matter, but told John that he could not watch the sheep any more. He then bought pigs for the boy to take care of. He tried his best to make John angry, but could not succeed. He gave him about seven hundred pigs to watch.

This made John quite unhappy, but he decided that he would

call the butchers and see if he could sell them as he had the sheep. It wasn't long before he had sold about two hundred pigs. When he was to present the pigs to the owner, he was short, but gave the man the same old answer. "They wouldn't come when I called."

The employer told him he must bring the other pigs with him the next day. However, by this time John had sold about a hundred more of them to the butchers. When he presented the remaining pigs, the owner could hardly control himself, but he said he wasn't angry. He asked John if he were watching the pigs carefully, and John said that he was.

The employer then said he must bring the pigs to him the next day, and that all the pigs must laugh. John told him that he could not make pigs laugh, but the man said this was in the contract. John had not saved the contract, and therefore he could say nothing, but he did not know how to make pigs laugh.

While John was going to work the next day, he was looking very sad, and walked with his head down. An old man, who had always known John to be smiling, asked him what was wrong. He said if John would tell him his troubles, maybe he could help him. The boy told him that his boss insisted that he make the pigs laugh. The old man told him to get one of the pigs and he would show him how he could make it laugh. He took a knife from his pocket and cut the pig's upper lip. This made it look as if it were laughing. It sounded as if it were laughing too, although it was really yelling from pain.

John did this to all the pigs that he had left. When he was on his way to the owner's place, all the people he passed looked at the pigs, and thought they were really laughing. When the man saw this, he called John a fool, but again he said that he was not angry with him. He asked John where the other pigs were.

John told him that a good many of them were stuck in the mud. He had sold most of the pigs to the butchers, but had kept about twenty tails and twice as many ears. He stuck the two ears and the tail in the mud, here and there, to make the place look as if a number of pigs needed rescuing. He then called the owner to help him get the pigs out of the mud.

When they arrived at the place, he told the boss to take hold of the pig's ears, and he would get him by the tail and pull him out. When the boss pulled and only an ear came up, John told him he had pulled too hard. John gave him a shovel and told him to dig for the pig, but the boss could not find any pig. He then became very angry and began to yell. John cut off his nose and went home to his brothers with the nose of his employer and the remaining pigs and sheep.

BY RICHARD M. DORSON
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MORE JEWISH DIALECT STORIES

STORYTELLING FLOURISHES on the streets of Brooklyn as well as in the Ozark hills. Harold Males, a graduate student at the Indiana University School of Letters in the summer of 1959, described to me the story fests in which he engaged while growing up in Brooklyn during the depression years. Especially in the summer, when Harold's fifty cents a week allowance would permit only one bottle of pop a day, and the boys had little to do, they would sit around on front porches and in homemade shacks on empty lots, swapping tales and jokes.

Males was born 30 May, 1932, in the Canarsie section, but shortly his family moved to the Brownsville section. He remembers vividly the location of his house on 438 Saratoga Avenue, on the corner of Saratoga and Sterling Place near Eastern Parkway. "Eastern Parkway was considered to be the mecca for all the Jews. If you died you didn't go to heaven, you went to Eastern Parkway [laughing]. But we didn't see much of this, we were at the lower end of Eastern Parkway, and our little block, our little world, was the corner of

Sterling Place, and just half of Sterling Place. The upper half belong to a different world, a different crew of kids, and Howard Avenue was the above block we only went onto when we went to school. We were very much circumscribed."

He remembers that "it was kind of a rough neighborhood, our parents didn't have much time to supervise us. They were usually too busy working, and we had the run of the neighborhood. We had the neighborhood bookie, the neighborhood pool room, the neighborhood dope pusher, but they were part of our social structure and we didn't think too much of it. Our parents were largely innocent of this and I think we deliberately kept them so. There were fights, but in my day we used our fists, and coming back at a later date I was quite shocked to see that knives and feet were being used. And biting was taking place in 'close in' fighting, which is something we never did in our day."

Harold grew up in a Yiddish-speaking household in a Yiddish-speaking neighborhood. His father, Abram Males, came to the United States from Warsaw, Poland, in 1900, at the age of two. In Brooklyn he owned a small automotive parts retail store, which he lost in the depression, and then became salesman and buyer for a wholesale auto parts house. Harold's mother, Clara Mildred Herold, born on the outskirts of Vienna, emigrated to this country in 1905 at the age of seven. Harold had an older sister who was surprised to learn that the other girls whom she played with in the street spoke a different language. After this shock, the parents ceased speaking Yiddish, save when they wished to keep secrets from the children, and Harold learned only a few expressions.

I asked Harold about other nationalities he encountered in the neighborhood.

"Oh, it was mostly Jewish, some Italians some distance from us, some Negroes very near us. A few Poles in the neighborhood but my impression—pardon me—my impression of Poles that I grew up with is that 'all Poles were janitors'. Janitors and lutes, and frankly that is what we had seen in our neighborhood. There were bloody fights also between the groups; there was nothing friendly about the neighborhood. I mean Negroes would fight with the Italians, the Jews would fight with the Negroes, and the Italians would fight with everybody. It was the expected thing. It was only among the kids though. The parents didn't have anything to do with it and my parents could not believe that I fought, because good Jewish boys didn't fight, you understand."

Were there Irish around?

"The Irish were something our parents frightened us with, as a matter of fact. The Irish were big brawling drinkers who didn't like Jews for some reason. We couldn't figure out why, but we never met any Irish to find out why. And until I got into Junior High School there were only Jews and Christians in the world and I had not learned to differentiate types of Christians. I had taken for granted that, well the Jews had to be a majority in the world because there were so many of them [laughing]."

Harold attended public schools in Brooklyn from 1938 to 1947, Stuyvesant High School in Manhattan from 1947 to 1950, and the downtown branch of the City College of New York the following year. He was in the Air Force from 1951 to 1955, "a total of three years, nine months, twenty-two days, and four hours." He spent the next three years at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, where he received his A.B. in 1958, and then entered the graduate school of the State University of Iowa to study creative writing. His poem, "The Academic Poet," was published in *College English* in November, 1959. Since I met him he has married (3 January 1960).

In appearance Males has sturdy good looks, curly brown hair, and a quick, intense manner, though for a Brooklynite he is comparatively relaxed. When I spoke to Daniel Hoffman's class "Folk Elements in American Criticism" in the School of Letters, Males promptly countered my example of a Jewish dialect story with some choice specimens of his own, expressing great surprise that they were "folklore." Later I tape recorded the following tales at my home. He modestly declared that he was one of the "least favored" of his group, some of whom were much better and more prolific storytellers than himself. But he reeled stories off fluently, in a medley of accents, throaty Yiddish, drawling Negro, and gargling Irish. The evidence mounts that Brooklyn is a folklorist's paradise.

1. MIT JESUSES OR MIRTOUT JESUSES

(*A variant is in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, collected by Joan M. Rochel from Judy Gidden, Bloomington, Indiana, 5 January 1960. Two Jews move into an all-Christian town, decide to convert, and call up a religious articles store for crucifixes. A voice says, "Wat kind vould you like?"*)

Dorson: When I was in class you came out with an excellent one that had everybody rolling in the aisles. How does that go?

Males: Well, pardon the accent on this. Mr. O'Hoolihan was in the Catholic religious articles business with Mr. Ginzberg. Mr. Ginzberg put up all the money, but Mr. O'Hoolihan fronted him because they figured that Catholics wouldn't buy from a Jew. And

one day Mr. O'Hoolihan was fed up with it all and he couldn't—it was just sinful, a Catholic working for a Jew in the Catholic religious articles business. So he told him, he says "Faith, I'm thrrrough with ya. [Irish dialect] I'll have nothing morre to do with ya. (He says) It's terrible, a good Irish Catholic like me having to be in business with a Jew."

And Mr. Ginzberg was horrified, was shocked. What could he do? How could he stay in business? So he said to Mr. O'Hoolihan, "B-b-b-but vat should I do? Ve-ve-ve're out of chrucifixes - ve-ve-ve're out of chrucifixes here. V-v-vat should I do?"

And Mr. O'Hoolihan said, "I don't care. I'm thrrrough with you. Telephone. Place the order yourself. I'll have nothing more to do with you. It's a shame."

So Mr. Ginzberg got on the phone and very much afraid, he says, "Ha-ha-ha-hallo, (says) I vant to order t'ree t'ousand chrucifixes."

From the other end of the phone he heard, "Mit Jesuses or mitout Jesuses?" [high, squeaky]

2. GETTING A SCHWARZE

(A different story type also uses the colored servant in the Jewish home. *Magnolia the Schweitzer* [Schwarze] answers the phone with a thick Yiddish accent, in "Surprise," told by Maurice A. Crane, no. 54, in "Jewish-American Dialect Stories on Tape," by Richard M. Dorson, Studies in Biblical and Jewish Folklore, edited by R. Patai, F. L. Utley, D. Noy, Indiana University Folklore Series No. 13 [Bloomington, Ind., 1960], p. 154. Hereafter referred to as SBJF. Only three of Males's stories are paralleled in the 76 tale types in SBJF.)

Dorson: There's another very good one that has accents in it dealing with a Schvatzer [Schwarze].

Males: Oh, Schvatzer [Schwarze]. Yeah. Schvatzer was our name for a colored person, and it was considered apropos in the neighborhood when you came into any sort of money at all, the first thing you did was to hire a Negro to do some of the work. And so he's called not a Negro but a Schvatzer, which was a virtual synonym for servant. You didn't think of employing anybody else. And this is told about a Zulu who has spent the entire day hunting in the forest, and the Zulu came back to his hut in the forest and he looked around and he saw the place was filthy. Nothing had been done. So he said, "Uga buga buga buga!" Which means, translated very freely, "All day long I work and I hunt in the forest and I come home and what do I find—a mess."

The wife looked at him and said, "Uga muga muga, muga, muga!" Which means, translated very loosely, "Well, look what I've got to do here. Got to take care of the house, take care of the outside—there's just too much to do for one person."

Whereupon her husband said, "Uga buga buga, buga buga," which translated very loosely means, "Don't worry dear, I'll get you a Schwatzer first thing in the morning."

3. HOW TO TELL TYPES OF PEOPLE

(*Two close variants are in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, collected by Virginia Bradway from Carolyn Kowalik in East Lansing, Michigan, May 1956, and by Joan M. Rochel from Mary Whitelock in Bloomington, Indiana, 7 January 1960.*)

Dorson: It seems that there are certain ways of telling who is a Jewish person. You were telling me such a story.

Males: Oh yeah! This colored maid was talking with one of her friends and she was saying, (says) "Well, Ah works for all sorts of people. Ah-ah can tell 'em all apaht."

And the other friend says, "Well, how's you know what different types are?"

Says, "Well, when Ah'se in the Protestant house Ah knows that immediately, oh just immediately."

Says, "How come you know that?"

"Well, that's easy, they got this here King James version Bible around there. That's easy, anybody can tell that."

The other one looked at her. "Well, that's pretty good, but how come you know when there's a—what youse call it—a Catholic in the house?"

"Oh, that's easy too. Look up on the wall and they got one of these Jesus's up there on the wall." Says, "That's very easy."

Says, "Yah, that's pretty easy too, but how, how you know when you're in a Jewish house?"

"Oh, that's the easiest of all. They got wall to wall carpeting."

4. JEWISH TRAITS ONCE REMOVED

(*A similar tale is given by S. Felix Mendelsohn in The Merry Heart [New York, 1951], p. 184, "This Will Not Do At All," where a colored woman trying on an ornate hat in a Los Angeles department store asks if it makes her look Jewish.*)

Dorson: Then there was one that has the same general idea about telling what a Jewish person looks like.

Males: Oh yeah. This grubby, grimy, big colored workman

comes into a Cadillac agency and the salesman walked up to him and he said, "We don't need any janitorial help, sir."

And the colored man looked at him and said, "Ah don't want to be no janitor!" [high, whining] Says, "Ah wants to buy a car."

And the salesman said, "Well, we don't sell cheap cars here, we sell Cadillacs."

Says, "Ah knows it, man, Ah don't want nothin' cheap. Ah wants a Cadillac."

And the salesman said, "Well, our cars do cost a lot of money." [drily]

Says, "Well man, Ah got money." [plaintive, insistent] And he hauls out this roll of bills which would just choke a horse.

And all of a sudden the salesman became very servile, says, "Oh, v-very well sir, what can I do for you? What can I show you?" [fast, excited]

And the colored man just looked at him and said, "Well man, Ah want the biggest, the longest, the most expensive white Cadillac convertible you've got."

And the salesman says, "Well, just come this way, sir. Just come right—just come right this way." And he takes him and he seats him in this car and the colored man hauls out this roll of bills and pays for the car and he sits there. And the salesman is just shaking with delight. No argument about the price or anything. And he says, "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir? Is there anything else I can do for you?" [very fast, excited]

And the colored man hauls out this great big long Havana, puts it in his mouth and the salesman runs right over to light the thing for him and he leans back, takes a puff, just leans back on the wheel and says, "Tell me man. Do I look like a Jew?"

5. CHRISTIANS IN THE SYNAGOGUE

Dorson: There was one which had a punch line that was rather similar to this one here.

Males: Oh yeah. The local Christian church had burned down and the Jewish congregation in the neighborhood, very interested in furthering relations between the groups, agreed to let them use their synagogue for their Sunday prayers. And so they had their service in there. And as they were walking out, these two Negroes were walking by after their service and they looked down to see these people coming out of this synagogue.

And the one says to the other, says, "You know, dat dere's the poorest bunch of Jews I ever did see."

6. THE TAMING OF THE JEW

(*Two other versions are in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, "The Jewish Boy Who Couldn't Stay in School," collected by Susan Eichelkraut from R. S. Sherman, 7 January 1960, and [untitled] by Joan M. Rochel from Gwen Ferguson, 7 January 1960, both on the Indiana University campus.*)

Dorson: What's that one that ends up with "Nailed to the wall?"

Males: Oh, oh, oh! Mrs. Shapiro had a son who couldn't stay in school. He was just a hellion. And he was kicked out of school after school, the most expensive private schools. And finally Mr. Shapiro was at his wits' end. He figured the next stop was a reform school. So before he did this he went to speak to one of his other friends and his friend says, "I'll tell you vat." Says, "Send him to a Cat'olic school."

He says, "Vy should I send my son, a good Jew, to a Cat'olic school?"

Says, "Because dey geeve them deesipline there. It's a good thing."

He figures okay. He tries one last time. Sends his kid to the school. And he's waiting that first day, he's waiting in fear to see what will happen. And the kid doesn't get kicked out. He comes home, and he comes home with a bunch of books in his hands. The father looks at him astounded. He sits down and he does his homework. Does his homework all evening long and then goes to bed without a murmur. The father's shocked. The same thing happens the second day, the third day. By the third day he's also calling his father sir. Mr. Shapiro is in a state of shock. He just doesn't know what's going on. Finally, the following Sunday he's been at school a whole week and nothing's happened. The kid's just a paragon of virtue. Finally, Sunday he asks him, says, "What-what happened?" He says, "Look, here's—here's a twenty dollar bill. Enjoying yourself. But tell-tell-tell me. Vat-vat you do there? Vat-vat happened in the school? Vy don't you misbehave?"

Says, "Papa! I'm too smart for dem. I go in dere the first day and I see dere's only vun other Jew they got in the school, and he's nailed to de vall."

7. OBSERVERS

(*In S. Felix Mendelsohn, The Merry Heart [New York, 1951], the same story is told on three Jewish painters in a Catholic church: p. 181, "We Belong Here."*)

Dorson: Well, that calls to mind the one about being a relative of the boss.

Males: Oh. Yeah. These two *yeshiva-bocher*, or *yeshiva* students were walking down the street with their full beards and *peyos* or earlocks, *yamakazan* skull caps. And they were walking along and they come to this church and they see inside this ceremony whereby this nun is being received into this religious order. And they go in, they figure they'll see what's going on. So they sit down and pretty soon someone in the front looks to the back and sees them and wonders what in the world they're doing there. So he comes back and speaks to them and he says, "Pardon me, but what are you doing here?"

One *yeshiva-bocher* looks up and he says, "Don't worry, it's all right. We're fum de ghroom's side."

8. ONE OF THE BOSS'S RELATIVES

(A short text in SBJF, no. 67, p. 162, "Clouds" by George Gluski, refers to two fuller texts from Michigan in the Indiana University Folklore Archives.)

Dorson: Actually, I was thinking of the one where they go up to heaven. And St. Peter is giving them automobiles.

Males: Oh, oh, oh, yeah. Well this Protestant minister dies and goes up to heaven and he meets St. Peter and St. Peter says, "You've lived a blameless life on earth. You're entitled to have anything you want."

And the minister asks for a Cadillac convertible. And he hops into this Cadillac convertible and he drives off down heaven street and he's pretty happy with himself.

And then up comes the Catholic priest and St. Peter tells him, "You've led a blameless life also, what do you want?"

"I'd like a Chrysler convertible." He jumps into his Chrysler convertible. It's immediately there and he drives off down the street and he sees this Protestant priest and he's got a Cadillac convertible and he's kind of upset about this that he should have such a good car like that, but he won't say anything because he's near enough and he won't say a thing about it.

And then up comes this Jewish rabbi. And St. Peter says, "You've led a blameless life on earth. What do you want?" And the Rabbi says, "I want the most expensive custom made Rolls Royce you got, and I want it with a chauffeur."

And so he hops in. It's given to him, of course, and he hops in and he's being driven all over heaven street and both the priest and the minister see him and they're hopping mad and they come running back to St. Peter and they want to know, "What's going on

here?" Why should they respectively have a Chrysler and a Cadillac and that Jew should have a Rolls Royce?

And St. Peter shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well, what can you do? Relative of the boss."

9. ABIE AND BECKY

Dorson: You know, Gloria, Harold was telling me a whole cycle of stories I'd never heard before. About Abie and Becky. Seems that they are a husband and wife team.

Males: Oh yeah. This is typical. Any husband and wife joke I've heard really is usually told to the Abie and Becky style. The one about Abie and Becky were very happily married. One time Abie took sick and went to see the doctor. And the doctor said, "Well, you're just gonna have to cut down on frequency of sexual intercourse with your wife."

And he says, "Well okay," if he has to. So he says, "Vat should I do?"

Doc says, "Well, you can have intercourse on every day of the week that has an 'N' in it."

And so he figures, "Oh, okay."

Sunday. Sunday's pretty good. He enjoys himself. Monday's pretty good too. Tuesday's kind of rough, you know. And he figures Wednesday's coming. Finally Wednesday comes. Wednesday's pretty good too, and Thursday's awful. Friday's even worse. He's got a long weekend ahead of him. And Friday night he comes in and he's really dying, and he sees his wife, his wife has got the candles on the table. She's got the candles for the Sabbath. And he looks at his wife and his wife looks at him and finally says, "Becky, good *shnabbes*, Becky, good *shnabbes*."

Dorson: Now, the Sabbath is actually called—

Males: It's *Shabbes*. Instead he called it "good *Shnabbes*."

10. BECKY GETS STUCK

(*Time magazine commented earlier in the year on an Associated Press story from Minneapolis about a woman who became stuck to a freshly painted toilet seat, causing such a laughing fit to the doctor who came to rescue her that he fell against the bathtub and knocked himself out. Time pointed out that this is a well-traveled and oft-printed tale.*)

Dorson: There was another Abie and Becky one about—

Males: The toilet seat. Abie and Becky were doing chores around the house and Becky went out to the grocery store. And while she was gone, her husband, figuring to do her a favor and get something done in the house painted the toilet seat. It was kind of chipped and

then he left the house without leaving her a note telling her what he had done. Becky came in, sat down on the toilet seat and got stuck. And she was shrieking and almost hysterical when Abie came back. Abie tried to pull her off and he just couldn't do it and finally he unfastened the whole seat and brought her into the bedroom, carried her into the bedroom and laid her down—face down on the bed. And he called the doctor. The doctor comes in, and he looks at it and he says, "Uh-hum. Dat's vhere nice, vhere nice. It's vhere pretty. Magnificent. [high, shrill] But tell me. Vhy d'you have to frame it?"

11. THE TAIL PIPE

(A similar text in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, heard by Alan Dundes in Patterson, New York, in 1955, leads up to the climax with the priest sprinkling his new Cadillac with water, and regretting that his friend the rabbi cannot perform a ceremony of his own.)

Dorson: Now what's this one about the tail pipe?

Males: Oh yeah. There was a great rivalry between this Catholic priest and this rabbi. And they were both getting their congregations to buy them stuff to show that one congregation was more free with their money, you know, and respected their rabbi—respected their leader more than the other. So they bought them new suits. If the priest got something then they'd run down to Brooks Brothers and pick up something for the rabbi. And they bought him all sorts of home furnishings. And finally the rabbi looked out in the yard one day and the Catholic priest was driving around in a new Buick. And this was too much. So he ran out and told a few of the most important men in the congregation what had happened. And they couldn't have that priest showing up their rabbi, so they went out and bought him a Buick too.

And the priest was really mad now. So the priest figured he'd fix him. No Jew could pull a deal like this. So he went out and he took some holy water and he sprinkled some holy water over the car and blessed it. And the rabbi was really angry. What could he do? And finally the bright idea hit him. So he went into the house, came out with a hacksaw and cut two inches off the tailpipe.

12. CONFESSING TO THE RABBI

Dorson: Now one time the Jew took over from the Catholic in the confession booth—

Males: Oh, oh yeah. The rabbi and the priest were very good

friends and they were talking one day and finally the priest said, "Well I have to get going. I have to hear confessions."

And the rabbi says, "Vat's this from confessions?"

He says, "You never heard about confessions?"

"No! Never!" [high]

Says, "Come on along, you listen. It's pretty interesting."

So the rabbi comes along. He's listening there. And the first girl comes in, and she says, "Father, I have sinned."

And the priest says, "What have you done?"

Says, "I've had intercourse."

The priest says, "How many times?"

"Twice, Father."

"Well, say five Hail Marys and leave twenty-five cents in the poor box as you leave." And she goes out.

And the next girl comes in. She says, "Father, I have sinned."

"What have you done, my daughter?"

"I have had intercourse."

"How many times?"

"Twice."

"Well, say five Hail Marys and leave twenty-five cents in the poor box as you go out." And she leaves.

And then the priest turns to the rabbi and says, "Have you got that, Sam?"

Sam says, "Yeah, pretty easy."

He says, "Ok, take over, I'm going to get a beer."

So Sam takes over and the first girl in says, "Father, I have sinned."

And the rabbi says, "Vat you do?"

And she says, "I had intercourse."

"Mm. How many times?"

"Once, Father."

And the rabbi thinks a while and says, "M-hm. Go out and do it again. It's two for a quarter today."

13. THE CARPENTER

(Two other versions are in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, both collected by Joan M. Rochel at Bloomington, Indiana, one from Howard Levy, 10 October 1959, with the punch line "You'll never learn," and the other from Jim Geanakos, 15 October 1959, ending "You won't get away this time." This tale has affinities with the currently popular cycle of "sick" jokes; see Brian Sutton-Smith, "'Shut Up and Keep Digging': The Cruel Joke Series," Midwest Folklore, X [Spring 1960], pp. 11-22.)

Dorson: You know, you told one that has gestures, but I still think we can get it into the tape.

Males: Well, this Catholic parish was going to build a very beautiful church, and they wanted a hand-carved crucifix, and the only woodcarver they could find was Jewish. But they figured if he didn't mind, they wouldn't. So they went in and asked him would he be willing to do it, and he said, "Sure." And he carved their crucifix and he was getting near the end and he was just tapping away with his little hammer and chisel and was going Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Tap, tap. And in walked this man. Very nicely dressed.

And the guy says, "How do you do."

Tap, tap. Tap, tap.

Then all of a sudden the man said, "I'm Jesus Christ!"

The little woodcarver said, "Dat's nice." [high] Tap, tap. Tap. Says, "But I really am!"

Says, "Oh, I believe you. Really I do." [shrill]

Tap, tap. Tap, tap.

Says, "I can work miracles!" [loud, strong]

The little woodcarver says, "Dat's nice. Let's see a mhiracle."

Says, "What kind of miracle?"

Says, "Let's see ya ghrow a beard."

All of a sudden pop! There's a beard.

"Dat's vonderful!" Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Says, "But you've got regular clothes on. Let's see something out of the Bible."

Pop! There's clothes just like he's wearing in the picture.

"Dat's vhery nice!" [very shrill] Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Says "Tell me, can you ghrow a halo too?"

Suddenly pop! there's a halo right above his head.

Says, "Vunderful!" Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Tap, tap. "Tell me, can you lift yourself off the floor?"

Says, "Of course I can." And he lifts himself off the floor.

"Vunderful!" Tap, tap. Tap, tap. Tap, tap. He says, "Tell me, can you go like this?" And the little carpenter makes the sign of the cross.

He says, "Of course I can." And he does likewise.

"You never learn, do ya?" Tap, tap. Tap, tap.

14. THE TOUGH TEXAN

(In SBJF the text "On the Subway" by Maurice A. Crane, no. 61, p. 158, is set in New York; three close references in print are cited.)

Dorson: I think we can perhaps just get one more on the tape. How about that one of the Texan?

Males: Oh, yes. This Jew is traveling across Texas on this train. And he's in his sleeper. The bed's all made up and he's sitting in his chair and all of a sudden this big Texan comes in and slams the door. He's got on a ten gallon hat. Very fancily embroidered shirt. He's got on these great big boots and a pair of six shooters at the hips. And he slams the door behind him and he says, "Are there any Jews in here?" [loud, harsh]

And the little Jew just cringes down in his seat.

And he says, "Ah said, are there any Jews in hyah?"

And the Jew's just shaking.

He says, "Ah want to know if there's any Jews in this car?"

Finally the little Jew figures, well, he shouldn't be ashamed of it. He should own up and take whatever's coming to him. He says, "Pahdon me mistaire, I'm a Jew." [shrill, squeaky]

And the Texan looks at him and says, "*Kom herein, macht a minyan.*"

(Come—come along with me and we'll make a quorum. You have to have a quorum, you know, to have a prayer session.)

15. NOT INTERESTED

(*In Jacob Richman, Laughs from Jewish Lore [New York and London, 1926, new ed. 1939], a quite different tale also hinges on the humor associated with an unspeakably ugly Jewish wife: pp. 362-63, "Seer Greater than Prophet."*)

Dorson: You had one other minyan story, a good one.

Males: Oh, yeah. Oh, this rabbi had so many quarrels with his congregation that he finally had to conduct prayers in his own house. And it was the custom to lean out the window and see anybody coming along who looked Jewish and you'd invite him up to say prayers with you, and no good religious Jew would refuse because it was considered a sin to refuse to make up the minyan—to help make up the minyan or the quorum.

So finally one night this rabbi's got nine people in the house including himself, he needs the tenth man. And he tells his wife to look out the window and call up somebody. And his wife is an ugly old crone. Teeth missing, just snaggled tooth, hair stringing all over her face. A beak on her. Just terrible. And he had met her through a marriage agency because he wasn't too much interested in love and he had to get fixed up with a wife. No rabbi is complete without a wife. So he tells her ok. He had the wife, so he tells her ok, look out the window and call up somebody to make up the minyan. So she looks out the window, just this horrible looking creature, and she sees

someone coming along with a beard and she yells, "Yoo hoo! Mistuh! Yoo hoo!" And the man looks up. She says, "You vanta be the tenth?" [loud, croaky]

And the guy looks up and he sees this ugly face, and he goes, "Ptooh. Not even the first."

16. THE CONVERT

(*In SBJF a variant is told by Glen Warren, "So Soon," no. 68, pp. 162-63. The Indiana University Folklore Archives has two more versions, collected from Allen Forbes by Richard Stinnett in Detroit in 1948, and from Carolyn Abbs by Kathryn Thompson at East Lansing, Michigan in May, 1956.*

The Archives has two texts of a related type. In "Two Jews and the Conversion," collected by Susan Eichelkraut from David Kraus at the University of Pittsburgh, 23 December 1959, two Jews pass a Catholic church which has a sign, "Get Converted for \$5.00." One Jew borrows five dollars from his friend and goes in the church. When he finally comes out, and his friend asks for the money back, he replies, "That's what's wrong with you Jews; you always want everything for yourself." In Howard Levy's text, collected in Bloomington 14 October 1959 by Joan M. Rochel, the punch line is "Just like you Jews, trying to get money out of us Christians.")

Dorson: I don't know whether we can squeeze on one more. The one about the Jew who became converted and his family asked him—

Males: Oh yeah. This Jew became converted—actually this Jew fell into the river and he came out—he was unconscious and they didn't know what he was. And the priest coming by gave him the last rites just as a safety measure. And he woke up and found what had happened and he took for granted he'd been converted and he goes home. And his wife comes in and says, "Jake, I need five dollars for a dress." And he gives her five dollars.

And then the daughter comes in. "Pop, I need fifteen dollars to go to the beauty parlor." And he gives her.

The son comes in and says, "Dad, I'm going on a date tonight. I need twenty-five dollars." Gives him.

Finally when all his family's gone he sits back and says, "Is this a shame? Is this a shame?" Says, "Forty-five minutes I have already been a Christian, (says) already look what these Jews are doing to me."

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FOLKLORE ON RECORDS

NEGRO MUSIC, and especially traditional blues are receiving an uncommon share of interest as is evidenced by the numerous recent releases of records of this sort. Within the period of three months previous to this writing, eight important records of Negro traditional material have been issued. All of them help greatly in showing what goes into the making of a folksong, and what the limits of the Negro expression are.

Two of the performers that are receiving the most attention in this realm are Lightnin' Hopkins and Brownie McGhee, and they are both represented by recent discs. With the two of them, we are extremely fortunate to have such fine traditional artists who are now performing in the prime of their lives.

Following in the wake of the recent Folkways and Tradition discs, Hopkins is now heard on *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition, TLP 1040). There is much that these records tell us about the street singer's life and, more important, out of what a country blues is constructed. On this latest record we can see Lightnin' taking hints from a variety of places. For instance, on the cut of "Gambler's Blues" his first stanza come straight from the song, "I am a Roving Gambler."

I'm a gambler, I gamble all over town.
I'm a gambler, I gamble all over town.
Whenever I see a deck of cards, I lay my money down.

In a later stanza, he obviously derives his inspiration from a proverbial expression common at crap games.

Dirty Bertie told Nappy Chin
"Keep onbettin', you bound to win."

The fact that the street singer is primarily an entertainer is abundantly expressed in this record. Hopkins is capable of a great number of emotions, and of casting himself into a variety of roles. His "Get Offa My Toe" is a wonderful imagined humorous dialogue going on with a drunk who gets too close while he is trying to sing. In the long run, however, it is his hard-driving blues where he is able to communicate most, where he conveys the blackest of the blues moods. In this regard, his cut of "In the Evening, The Sun is Going Down" is one of the best songs he has done.

Brownie McGhee has evolved a style that is quite a bit more sophisticated than is Hopkins's. Brownie has been playing small night clubs, rock 'n roll places and folksong concerts for many years now. In his latest album, however, we see him reaching to his memory for more traditional and country songs. In *Traditional Blues* (Folkways, FA 2421) Brownie is singing songs that are not in his active repertoire, and thus are not as finished as some of the other songs you might hear him perform. It is a musical reminiscence of older songs and older styles; it has all of the benefits and detriments of such reminiscence: spontaneity nad sloppiness, an interest in the past plus a boredom with cliché. Brownie always provides worthwhile listening, but this record is not vintage McGhee.

Though not in his prime of life, Furry Lewis is still one of the finest Negro traditional singers alive. Lewis had been lost to the recording world for a number of years until Sam Charters, the un-

earther of such things, found him working as a gardener in Memphis, Tennessee, in October of 1959. The subsequent recording sessions have been edited by Mr. Charters and issued by Folkways (*Furry Lewis*, FS 3823). They show clearly that this giant of the early recording days is still a finished performer. Lewis plays in a number of traditional styles (elucidated nicely for us in the notes) including a number of songs played with a bottleneck. Included in the record are a number of conversations between Charters and Lewis, primarily about the singer's early career, and the ways in which he learned to play, and the places he played professionally. Included in the notes is a helpful discography of Lewis's early recordings.

The Lewis record is, in many ways, a complement to Charters' recent book *The Country Blues* (Rinehart, 1959). Even more so is another record edited by him, with the same title as the book. (RBF Records, RF 1.) This album is a reissue of some of the finest old recordings of traditional blues. The sound is, in most cases, rough, but then the cuts here were taken from old discs. The range of attitudes and techniques found among the numerous performers are noteworthy. There are performers here who are still remembered almost mythically (Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Willie Johnson, Leroy Carr) and others that should be (especially Blind Willie McTell and Peg Leg Howell.)

Harry Oster, who has been collecting at Angola Prison in Louisiana, has issued three more records composed of material gathered there. As with the former records of this series, they are all extremely interesting, and just as hard to get hold of. The easiest way seems to be to write directly to Folk-Lyric Recording Company, 3323 Morning Glory Ave., Baton Rouge, La. One of them, *Those Prison Blues* (FL 109) features the singer who seems to be creating the greatest stir, Robert Pete Williams. This singer is an extremely low-key performer, and has none of the polish one begins to expect from blues singers, because of the professional street-singing tradition. Nevertheless, Williams does have a great deal of power of expression in his very limited way. He is, however, no new Leadbelly, as his billing would have us believe.

Williams is also heard on *Angola Prison Spirituals* (LFS A-6), but on this disc he is only one of a number of performers. This is a good cross-section of the types of religious singing that goes on in a Negro prison, giving us cuts not only of solos in blues style, but gospel quartets, congregational singing and a sermon.

Perhaps the most notable of Oster's recent releases is his *Prison Worksongs* (LFS A-5). This gives us a remarkable view into the varieties of work that the prisoners are called upon to do, and the varieties of rhythms and line-lengths this calls forth. Here we not only encounter the usual spike driving and line songs, but hoeing, cane-cutting, and wood-chopping songs among others. Though the sound on some of the early bands sounds very rehearsed, the electricity that is generated by the ones that are not easily makes up for it.

Oster has also issued two further records that have nothing to do with Angola. One, *Rev. Pearly Brown, Georgia Street Singer* (FL 108) is interesting in that it presents a traditional-type singer who not only sings some of the old spirituals very much like Blind Willie Johnson, but also hymns such as "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" and "The Great Speckled Bird," obviously learned from the popular "hillbilly" records. The performer is not an unusual one.

On the other hand, Oster's other record concerns that very unique performer Blind Snooks Eaglin, caught in the act of performing with some of his cronies in a skiffle group. *Possum Up a Simmon Tree* (FL 107) features not only Eaglin, but an excellent harmonica player, Percy Randolph, and Lucius Bridges on the washboard. The players are having a lot of fun on this record; see especially the instrumental side of the conflict of the Model T and the Train. Randolph's routine of "Veal Chop and Pork Chop," using a snapping shoe-shine rag to get the sound of tap-dancing, is wonderfully humorous. This skiffle group leaves little question as to whence rock 'n roll emerged.

One other record, recently issued, needs full comment. *Mountain Music of Kentucky* (Folkways FA 2317) is, in every way, a sensitive portrait of life in the mountains today. Collected, edited, with photographs and notes by John Cohen, this album is a model for what can be done by a perceptive person in the field of folksong. This is really a portrait of changing values expressed in musical terms. Cohen has included fragments of the older music with a fuller consideration of the transitional styles that have led to what is called today "bluegrass" music. The picture is never sentimentalized (as the accompanying vivid photographs show). One has only to listen to the modern versatility of such pieces as "The Fox Chase," played against the older tones of the shape-note congregation lining out "Amazing Grace" to feel the full range and tension of this society in transition. Of interest to students of folksong is Roscoe Holcomb's

"Across the Rocky Mountain" which he admittedly pieced together from various songs, notably "Jackaro" and "The Girl I Left Behind."

A number of other records have been received, but only need passing notice:

Spanish Folk Songs Vol. II, Sung by Germaine Montero (Vanguard, VRS 9067.) As good as volume I, which is to say, a rare experience. The few songs included which are accompanied by a single guitar make one wish that all of them were done in that manner.

Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand, D. Sear; A Folk Concert in Town Hall. (Folkways, FA 2428) A pleasant, intimate evening with these congenial singers. Of course, the unadulterated Ritchie is the most fun. No greatly new material. Has all the benefits and detriments to be derived from a recorded concert.

Everybody Sing (Riverside Wonderland Series, 1418-20). The first three volumes of a projected series for children. Actually they are just some of the sides from a number of Riverside's old folksong series, many of which are not especially oriented toward children. The records represent a good sampling of their fine folksong series, and makes one sad that Riverside has ended this endeavour.

Tol' My Captain (Vanguard, VRS 9058). Leon Bibb singing chain gang and work songs in a popular manner. He begs comparison with Belafonte and even then he comes out second best.

Spirituals to Swing (Vanguard, VRS 8523/4). A reissuing of the Carnegie Hall jazz concerts of 1938-9. Includes cuts of many true folk performers, as well as many transitional figures: Sonny Terry and Ida Cox, Big Bill Broonzy and James P. Johnson, etc.

Street and Gangland Rhythms (Folkways, FD 5589). Six disturbed youths working out their anxieties, doing modern urban folk exercises. The materials vary from folksong ("The Fox") to rhythm chants to bongo drum efforts. Extremely interesting, indicative of the sort of city folklore that for the most part is being ignored by folklorists.

The Cisco Special (Vanguard, VRS 9057). Cisco Houston performing the same songs that he has been doing for years, this time with an echo chamber. Nice cross-section of his work, worth having if you like his mellifluousnesses.

BOOK REVIEWS**THEORY IN FOLK STUDIES**

The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology. By Joseph Campbell. (New York: The Viking Press, 1959). 504 pp.; notes, index. \$6.50.

This is one of the most exciting, stimulating, irritating and erudite books imaginable. It is, as its title announces, a work concerned with mythology, but it is more than that; it is a book calling into use some of the findings of nearly all of the modern disciplines: history, geology, folklore, ethnography, ethnology, clinical psychology, history, biology, psychiatry, cultural and physical anthropology, paleontology and perhaps numerous others. Each discipline can teach us something further about the development or construction of that condition or experience toward which ritual (and indeed all art) is aimed.

Psychology, for instance, is invoked in the following manner. Any emotion (Campbell reports) which is registered by an individual, is done so through the stimulation of the "central excitatory mechanisms" (CEMs) which in turn trigger a response contained in the storehouse of these responses, found in each individual. This latter is done through the response of the "innate releasing mechanisms" (IRMs), and for the response to be a proper one, the individual must be a "whole person," one devoid of inhibiting neuroses. Then, "according to this view, a functioning mythology can be defined as a corpus of culturally maintained sign stimuli fostering the development and activation of a specific type, or constellation of types, of human life." But "culture" is something beyond its usual denotation. There is "no distinction between "culturally conditioned and "instinctive behavior," since all instinctive human behavior is culturally conditioned, and what is culturally conditioned in us all is instinct: specifically the CEMs and IRMs of this single species."

It is precisely "this single species" with which Mr. Campbell is most concerned, those elements in our psychic make-up which have distinguished us as a species. Thus he takes the detail of the "play element in culture" as developed by the historian Huizinga (i. e., the fanciful element allowing belief and jest to occur at the same instant) and unites it with such other concept as the Hindu *upadhi* (deceit, deception, disguise, limitation, idiosyncrasy or attribute) to indicate the universal capacity of the human mind to assign attributes, significances to things not otherwise significant. And simply because

of this assignment, arbitrary as it may be (though it is usually culturally conditioned; i.e., picked from the available materials of the environment) it becomes an element of belief, existing at one and the same time in its real form with its real attributes, and in its assigned form with its assigned attributes. By Man's capacity of "play," of *upadhi*, he is able to perceive the object simultaneously on both levels.

Everyone is capable of this kind of identification as a child. This kind of "myth-building" can be observed on both the conscious and unconscious levels of the young. Religious observance is merely a translation of this capacity from the limited range of experience of the young, finite, to the adult conception, a more limitless one which is defined by the larger *upadhis* of the adult world. The manner in which this transfer was effected in primitive societies was through a ritual in which "the energies of the psyche [are carried] into the mythological context and weld them to the historical task of the society, where the symbols function, not in the way of a regressive recall of the spirit to the joys and sorrows, desires and terrors of the little Oedipus . . . but rather as releasers and directors of the energies into the field of adult experience and performance. Mythology, that is to say, is progressive, not regressive. And the rites themselves, through which the new sign symbols are impressed on the minds of the growing young in such away as to recondition the entire system of their innate releasing mechanisms . . . here we confront directly the problem of the meeting of the general and the particular, of the elementary and the ethnic, in the field of myth. The initiation rite is the caldron of their fusion." These rites reawaken and reorganize "all the primary imprints and fantasies of the infantile unconscious" with the capacities of the human conscious which had already been partially exercised. This is done for the purposes of directing these infantile impressions, which are basically self-oriented, to those which are societally oriented.

The major portion of this book is devoted to an examination of the culturally determined symbols which have emerged in "two contrasting worlds of myth; one deriving from the impact, imprint or *upadhi* of life and death in the animal sphere; the other from the model of the cycle of death and rebirth of the plant." Mr. Campbell is then still organizing in terms of the entire earth, merely breaking it into two (often interrelated) zones, and exploring these historically, geologically and anthropologically. His announced intent

is to follow this volume with three others which explore the more local aspects of myth and ritual.

The author does not examine mythology solely from a scientific point of view and purpose. He is too much of a visionary to allow his purpose to become so limited. He sees myth and rite, both as a "clue to what may be permanent or universal in human nature" and as "a function of the local scene, the landscape, the history, the sociology of the folk concerned." All of which leads man to a state beyond himself, a state which man in the Western World seems to have virtually ignored or forgotten (in spite of the so-called "revival" of Christianity, or indeed of the latest vogue of Zen Buddhism).

We are given little material in this book which is original primary material. We are given an abundance of corroborative detail derived from other sources, and we are given the appropriate scholarly apparatus. We cannot doubt either the scholastic or creative abilities of the author. Yet the problem with a book of this sort is that it does use the findings of a variety of disciplines, and, consequently, often their jargon. Further, he is building a structure which is obviously firmly based, but which may turn out to be a house of cards. There are so many problematic assumptions put forth that one must feel are wholly true, before one can fully accept his thesis. For instance, in order to feel the force of his argument, one must first accept the author's complete acceptance of the common derivation of myth and ritual, or of the common identity of early man and modern primitive man. More important, however, is his constant use of analogy for the construction of this theory. As anyone knows who has worked with analogies, correspondences are elusive and often lead to only a partial revelation.

This book is an important one, whether it proves to be a valid one, or not. It attempts to do what all legitimate scholarship should, and that is to establish "all learning as one." Unfortunately, today it takes a man of unique erudition, such as Mr. Campbell, to write, and indeed, fully understand such a synthesis. I suppose we will know in twenty-five, or a hundred years, whether Joseph Campbell is truly a humanistic visionary, or just a more scholarly Robert Graves.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Mohawk Baronet: Sir William Johnson of New York. By James Thomas Flexner. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1959). viii + 399 pp., sources, source references, index. \$6.00.

This is but the third biography of Sir William Johnson—one of the most important, talented, and fascinating men of Colonial times. The author, James T. Flexner, has done a noteworthy amount of research in preparing it. The book omits nothing important as it surveys French, Dutch, English, Indian problems in New York from about 1737 to the opening of the American Revolution. Yet it is a disappointing volume, in a real sense a poor book.

The reasons the book is poor are twofold. Firstly, Flexner, who is an art critic and popular historian, seems to know little about Indians. He seems only vaguely aware that Iroquois life and culture were being disrupted and revolutionized by contact with the white man during the very years he writes about, and that this disruption and revolution was a central reason for Johnson's power. He seems to be vague in his knowledge of cultural and linguistic distinctions of the Eastern Woodland tribes. And he seems to grasp the powerful policy-making role of the Indian prophet only partially. Secondly, the book is poorly written. Its style is crabbed and clumsy, with frequent vaguenesses of reference. It pains Flexner to omit a single detail he has unearthed to the result that the sentences proceed as a conglomeration of facts and parenthetical additions totally lacking in flow. I, for one, was continually wishing that Francis Parkman were writing up the same material. Then, too, Flexner goes out of his way to drag in sexy matters that are supposed, I guess, to satisfy the trade reader. On page 25, for instance, Johnson's mistress is thrust upon us with no previous introduction as follows: "When Johnson reached his clearing, he was greeted with kisses. Facts about Catherine Weisenberg are few, but since her womb swelled with the future of the Mohawk Valley, she is well remembered by legend." No one cares to have the spice of life censored out, but Flexner's use of sex is always painfully obvious and often downright cheap.

On the credit side, the book's great grace is its completeness. Flexner tries to give the whole picture and explain everything. As there are many gaps in the Johnson story, the biography calls for a lot of hypothesizing and a bit of fictionalization. Flexner is good at this sort of work—and believable. He also does well in conveying Johnson's personality and problems. The reader is made to under-

stand the politics of the fur trade, the role of James de Lancy and the English nobles in Central New York, and the strength of the Five Nations in Colonial matters. He also makes the reader feel the petty materialism that lies behind all war. Nor will one who reads the book fail to admit Johnson as one of the truly remarkable and important people in the shaping of our nation. Flexner demonstrates that,

Johnson had made a major contribution to winning the French and Indian War, to making North America an English-speaking continent. His prestige in the English-speaking world was correspondingly high. Twice he broke a British commander in chief; often he created imperial policies which His Majesty's government had no choice but to follow.

and the reader knows he is at the core of history and is thrilled accordingly.

The truth of the matter is, then: if you don't know or don't care about Indians, and if you are insensitive to prose style, the book is a thorough, even definitive, job on a subject that has for years cried for treatment. But if you do care about Indians (and you must if you care about Johnson) and if you do notice prose style, it is you who will cry at the treatment Flexner has given the Mohawk baronet. Then you can only wish, that an anthropologist and a "script doctor" had worked over the book before Harpers brought it out.

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Contributions to the Study of Folklore, the Contemporary Situation. By Eustache D. Mazarachi. (Athens: The Bookseller of "Estia," 1959). ii + 209, pp. \$2.00.

In his Introduction, Eustache Mazarachi discusses the present position of the science of folklore which he feels is part of a wide variety of disciplines. Making an effort to define folklore, he points out that any definition must of necessity depend upon the approach made to this social science, with its elements of anthropology, archeology, economics, ethnology, musicology, mythology, philology, psychology and sociology. Since the approach to the study of folklore in England varies markedly from the approaches of folklorists in Canada or Europe, their definitions would necessarily be different.

Mazarachi asks the question: "Is the study of folklore useful in an age dominated by mechanics and filled with chaos?" In the text he gives his answer: Though the definition of folklore is disturbed by confusion and disagreement, it is a subject having eternal values and therefore one this age cannot afford to neglect since it is a study of popular wisdom and tradition constantly in a fluid state.

Theoretical studies of the science of folklore are lacking. *Contributions to the study of Folklore* is a purely theoretical study adequately documented, quoting heavily from many eminent folklore scholars (the quotations from various languages are translated into Greek). Many references are made to studies which have appeared in the *Journal of American Folklore*, as well as to scholarly works in Greece, Europe and Great Britain. There is a table of contents but no index. To aid those who may not read Greek, Mazarachi has given a chapter by chapter detailed topical summary of the book in both English and French and has also appended a lengthy and useful bibliography.

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Schoolcraft's Expedition To Lake Itasca, The Discovery Of The Source Of The Mississippi. Edited by Philip P. Mason. (East Lansing, Mich.: Michigan State University Press, 1958). xxvi + 390 pp. \$7.50.

Henry Morgan, The Indian Journals 1859-62. Edited by Leslie A. White, illust. selected and edited by Clyde Walton. (Ann Arbor, Mich.: University of Michigan Press, 1959). 229 pp. illustrated. \$17.50.

From the days of the first landings on this continent by Englishmen until the American Revolution relations with the American Indians steadily worsened. After the Revolution Indian-White relations deteriorated—if that were possible—still further, and even in this century we have maintained a policy toward the Indian that has remained hostile, only lessening as the native has less than the white man wants. Even today the Indian cannot vote and his lands, those still left to him, are wrested from him in the interest of the public weal whenever anything of value is found on them or whenever any considered useful purpose may be served by condemning them.

Early in our history the concept was developed that the "only good Indian was a dead one" and the government, both colonial and national, with ever increasing zeal attempted to make our nation full of "good" ones and at the same time exploited them to the utmost.

Yet, despite the brutality of the trader and the army, the colonist and the agent, despite public opinion varying from apathy to outright hostility toward them, there have always been and still are a few small voices raised in their defence and these small voices have only been heard with patience by those removed from the area where Indians were still "not good." Such were John Eliot, Daniel Gookin, Conrad Weiser, in Colonial times and during the nineteenth century a number of men became interested in the "vanishing Red Men" and forsaking all else went among them with the hope of learning their ways, preserving their customs and generally making them understood by the rank of hostile Americans arrayed against them whose sole aim it was to destroy them root and branch. Foremost among these men stood George Catlin, the painter who left hearth and home to live amongst them, James Otto Lewis another artist, James Rowe Schoolcraft, himself part Indian, and Lewis Henry Morgan who left two children on their death beds to pursue his studies among the primitive tribes of North America. It is with these latter two that this review is concerned.

Although Morgan's *Journal* came almost thirty years after Schoolcraft's *Expedition*, they have much in common. Both were incidentals growing from another purpose, the latter to find the source of the Mississippi River, the former to discover the kinship status among the various tribes. Both dealt with the natives living along the Mississippi, for Schoolcraft primarily the Chippewa and incidentally the Sioux and vice versa for Morgan. Both writers mention many of the same bands of people, Schoolcraft in their virility and Morgan during the closing days of their careers shortly before disease, poverty, avarice and a brutal kind of homesteader destroyed them.

Of the two men perhaps the impact of Schoolcraft has had the greatest general effect and of the two he is the man that has most felt the attack of a hostile public. It was Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches* that inspired Longfellow to his *Hiawatha* and the poem, although condemned by critics, did more to arouse public interest in the American Indian as a human being than any other single tract in our literary history.

The present volume, although a reprint of an earlier work, minus the maps (excluding the present end papers), and some other data, contains a number of items not included in the original work, namely the journals kept by Lieutenant Allen, the Army escort commander and those of Dr. Houghton the surgeon, and Reverend Boutwell, plus material pertaining to the expedition and newspaper accounts of the trip. These latter works are especially interesting for purposes of comparison with Schoolcraft's narrative and to reveal public reaction at the time to a trip of this nature. The newspaper reactions were chiefly concerned with the trip as a heroic discovery, with the possibility of wealth that could be made available to an avaricious public and a condemnation of Schoolcraft's "deserting" the Army escort in hostile country, despite the fact that Schoolcraft was virtually unarmed, the smaller force, and in an area that was nearly two hundred miles from any hostiles and that one, Black Hawk, was so pressed that he wanted no more enemies to fight.

Certainly I have no intention of blowing on ashes a hundred years cold at this time but one can not fail to marvel at Appendix C, Lieutenant Allen's Journal. This best serves to show the usual lack of understanding, ingenuity or tolerance displayed by the government forces dealing with Indians and seeks, in villifying Schoolcraft, to dissipate a general lack of military *savoir-faire*.

Allen, by his own account was unable to keep up with Schoolcraft who constantly awaited him and was unable to keep canoes, guides or *couriers du bois* for any length of time. His canoes were wrecked, his people deserted, and because he failed to keep watch, his goods were pillaged. He refers to the Indians as "imbecile," "treacherous," "mean," "fifthy," "rapacious," "feotid" and "beyond present help." He broke their taboos deliberately and represented the American Fur Company as a philanthropic organization spending \$31,000 to reap \$21,000. (One must remember that this was Astor's company.) On the other hand, Schoolcraft points out that the government sent liquor to the Indians, that the Americans employed murderers in their trading posts, made \$34,520 for a total expenditure of \$2,000 and implied that the Chippewa-Sioux war had been incited by Major Taliaferro.

One must state at this point that Schoolcraft suffered neither from robbery or desertion, lost but one canoe and traveled, up stream and down, through bogs and over portages, 3000 miles vaccinating Indians, distributing presents, listening to councils, and without any loss of manpower managed to average fifty miles a day throughout the trip.

Most interesting to us today is Schoolcraft's naming of the tribes or bands in the area from incidents that had taken place almost within the lifetime of men then living, implying, obviously, that tribal names were fleeting things at best. (This might perhaps help explain why no one has since been able to identify successful the "Etchemin" and "Tarratines" spoken of by Champlain in 1604.)

Should further justification of Schoolcraft's work be needed it is amply supplied in Morgan's *Journals* where in one way or another he points out all the things that Schoolcraft states and shows how the government agents secured appointments of relations or minions to the post of trader and together swindled the natives, first of their goods, then of their territory and finally of their very lives. To the evils cited by Schoolcraft he adds another, the missionary who scavenges whatever is left by the agent—unless of course the missionary arrives there first. ". . . the three things that spoil the Indian are 1st the preacher, 2nd the agent, and 3rd the soldier. That the Indian who has seen neither, nor whiskey, is a noble looking fellow, good hearted, proud and manly. He is honest, truth telling hospitable . . ." (p. 101).

Morgan's *Journal* is a kind of curiosa dealing in all sorts of minutiae that should prove food for the folklorist and sociologist. It discusses in detail Kansas, Nebraska, and the Rocky Mountains, flora, fauna, colonization, steamboating and a host of other things. On occasion it is at fault, as when he reports seeing a "blue winged teal, a large and fine duck" (p. 129) or that cockroaches live on bed bugs. However, the overall picture is an astonishing one of the Midwest and Northwest at the mid-century mark.

One can not help wondering at the kind of man of the period as displayed by Morgan who can calmly break open graves, see Indian children beaten by drunken white men and shoot all manner of game just to watch it float down the river. Yet this is all a part of our heritage.

Were one disposed to be at all critical of the work one would complain of three things—the illustrations, the documentation and the editing. The illustrations are magnificent and they are profuse. Indeed they give a pictorial ethnography equally as wide, all-inclusive and catholic as the *Journal*, and as interesting, but at many points any resemblance they bear to the text is coincidental. Two men go by in an ox-cart and a picture is included of an ox cart "that may well have been the fate of the emigrants Morgan met."

The *Journal* has been completely documented by the editor. There are 434 notes for less than 150 pages of text. Much of it is excellent but some is superfluous. For example when Morgan mentions a steamboat there is invariably a note concerning her career "from birth to death" or when he mentions seeing a person, that individual is traced down no matter how difficult the task. It would seem that the result many times was scarcely worth the effort involved.

The editor has removed a considerable amount of the original material, mostly because it was incorporated elsewhere in Morgan's works, yet he leaves in considerable baggage—short vocabularies of a half dozen odd words dealing with tribal names or a listing of kinship schedules so far procured. It would seem that they served small purpose and their absence might enhance the continuity of the whole.

In all it is a carefully, painstaking editing and illustrating of an invaluable collection of memorabilia that a century after its inception has appeared before the public and will be a desired and useful book to many more scholars than can afford the \$17.50 purchase price.

Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont

Horace P. Beck

The American Indian as a Sea-Fighter in Colonial Times. By Horace P. Beck. (Mystic, Conn.: The Marine Historical Association, No. 35, 1959). 92 pp. \$2.00.

In a booklet of modest size with notes and bibliography sufficient for a volume much larger, Horace P. Beck has gathered from a wide range of sources, many of them little-known, materials for a fascinating account of naval warfare between Indians and European colonists along the coasts from New York to Newfoundland. He covers a period from 1500 to 1726. Most of his essay deals with the last thirty years, where the evidence permits and the subject demands emphasis. He has a major thesis of unusual interest: Indians of the northeastern coast did not yet have planked wooden ships when the first Europeans reached them, but they were in other ways prepared to become seafarers, and from the beginning they recognized the value of wooden vessels. They captured ships from Europeans, learned how to use them, and in a short time became seamen and sea fighters. By 1726 they had become so reduced in numbers, how-

ever, and the English so numerous, that they were unable to continue naval warfare on a major scale. Beck has several subordinate theses concerning the geographical, historical, and tactical patterns of colonial-Indian seafighting, the use of stratagem, cannon, boat-building, and other topics. He asserts that the Indians were not pirates, although he stresses the importance of the training and experience they received from service on pirate ships. A suggestive and worth-while analogy is drawn between the ship and the horse, the maritime Indian and the nomadic Plains horseman. A chart and numerous attractive illustrations, including drawings, prints, and photographs make this a delightful little volume.

*Ohio University
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Harry R. Stevens

THE WEST

The Outlaw Trail: A History of Butch Cassidy and His Wild Bunch. By Charles Kelly. (New York: Devin-Adair, 1959). 374 pp. Index, Maps and Illustrations. \$6.00.

God forbid it. But if the television writers ever discover this excellent book they will find material enough to perpetuate the dreary cycle of "adult westerns" indefinitely. For here is an exciting chronicle of the Outlaw Trail and the rough men who rode it in the 1890's. Particularly, it is an account of the bank-robbing life and times of George LeRoy Parker (1867-1909), alias "Butch Cassidy," the titular chief of the hundred-odd assorted bandits and rustlers who collected at Robber's Roost, Utah, Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming, and in the Brown's Hole region where Wyoming, Colorado and Utah conjoin. Throughout the 1890's these geographically inaccessible locations became virtual staging areas for hard riding outlaws operating from Alma, New Mexico, to Landusky, Montana. And few rode harder or thieved more spectacularly than Butch Cassidy and his murdering sidekick Harry Longabaugh, the "Sundance Kid."

George LeRoy Parker was born to respectable Mormon parents in Circleville, Utah. No one forced him into a life of outlawry. No evil sheriff raped his sister or struck his mother. No mortgage was foreclosed. No known psychological or emotional quirk determined his choice of career. He had no inordinate love of money. He became a celebrated and successful bandit simply because ranching bored him and because he loved the happy and larcenous excitement

of blowing open a bank vault or derailing a baggage car. The spirit of the resulting and inevitable chase seems only to have invigorated and restored him. He was no murderer. Until he and the "Sundance Kid" shot it out unsuccessfully with a Bolivian cavalry company in San Vincente in 1909 (killing twenty and wounding forty), Cassidy had never killed a man.

At the same time, Butch Cassidy was no western Robin Hood. At times author Kelly flirts dangerously with the Sherwood Forest motif to explain the relative mild mannerednes of his central character, but he manages, on balance, to avoid creating consciously any of the romantic folk nonsense that has grown up around such psychopathic killers as William Bonney, Jesse and Frank James and Wes Hardin. Butch Cassidy was a decent sort, but scarcely a knight-errant. In 1899 he confided to Judge Orlando W. Powers: "I never robbed an individual—only banks and railroads that have been robbing the people for years." But this was perhaps more an appeal to prairie populism than to the morally cleansing image of a Robin Hood.

This then is a wholly fascinating and well researched study of lawless men. Kelly treats in detail the criminal exploits of some two dozen leading gunmen and bandits—the "Wild Bunch"—who rode the Outlaw Trail in the 1890's. Gunslinging men like Tom McCarty, Joe Walker, Matt Warner and "Flat Nose" George Curry. Nonetheless, the story line invariably returns to Butch Cassidy, a man who made crime pay. Over a period of two decades Cassidy harvested an average annual income of roughly \$4,000. He participated in ten major holdups, including four in South America, which grossed about \$250,000. He spent only eighteen months in prison and he lived to be 42—an average life-span in those medically medieval days.

Ethically, perhaps, his career lacked a certain something. But Butch Cassidy never skinned a human corpse to make himself a vest and moccasins, as did George Rawlins who was later Governor of Wyoming and Assistant Secretary of State in the Wilson Administration. Cassidy never wantonly shot a man in the back of the head for money, as did Sheriff Jesse Tyler when he dropped "Flat Nose" George Curry from behind for \$3,000 Union Pacific Railroad reward. (Tyler got his final reward a month later from the avenging gun of Harvey Logan—and, with sort of Hammurabian justice, right in the middle of the back.) Nor did Cassidy lack a normal amount of American patriotism. It was his idea in 1898 to convert the "Wild Bunch" into a cavalry outfit to fight in Cuba. Only when he learned

that the bandits would promptly be arrested when they came forward to volunteer was the scheme abandoned. T.R. and his Rough Riders must have breathed a sigh of relief. To have competed for military glory with the "Wild Bunch" might have been difficult indeed.

Crime carried the laconic Butch Cassidy from Landusky, Montana, to Mercedes, Argentina. He was a professional in a tough and dangerous business. For him, however, it was preferable to the boredom of bookkeeping, the drudgery of clerking in a dry goods store or the lonelines of ranching. He carried a Colt .45 with a large wooden (not pearl) handle, but he rarely drew it. He liked whisky and women but was not addicted to either. There was nothing particularly romantic about his existence and author Kelly happily omits the lactose.

On second thought, Butch Cassidy would not fit the current TV screen at all. As Kelly concludes: "He never consciously robbed the rich to feed the poor." Clearly, there is no place in American Folklore (Cowboy Division) for that sort of bad man.

*Denison University
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Robert Seager

The Way I Heard It: Tales of the Big Bend. Walter Fulcher. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Elton Miles. (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1959). xxviii + 90 pp. \$2.75.

Who could but be grateful for an authentic worm's-eye view of Texas pioneer life, packaged and bound in such a splendid little home-crafted example of the book-maker's art? Large print, appropriate paper, and freedom from typographical errors further recommend *The Way I Heard It* to the far-ranging reader.

Before he died in 1953, Walter Fulcher wrote "the way he heard them" tales of the Big Bend country, usually incorporating the setting in which he got the accounts. He defines and identifies the charm of legend: "I believe firmly that the characters mentioned in these stories really existed and the events narrated actually occurred. Of course, the details may be badly garbled by time and many repetitions." The next best accomplishment of *The Way I Heard It* is concrete examples of Indian-pioneer folkways in "the stronghold of the last hostile Indians in the United States within the memory of men and women still living": e.g., how María "caught" and roasted a sotol for her lord and master (p. 27). Others of Fulcher's com-

mendable achievements are his forays into linguistics (*El Cerro Santiago*, pp. 30 ff.; *Chisos*, pp. 41 ff.; and *Terlingua*, p. 47) and his providing American legendary with a number of characters: *El Piocho*, *El Cibolo*, *Santiago*, fleet-footed Will James, and the Ketchums.

Adverse criticism of this book seems unnecessary. Of course, it is more appealing to Texans than to other Americans; and it must not be mistaken for a major contribution to folk literature. But it brings warmly to life not only a picturesque region but also a sensitive, appealing human observer, Walter Fulcher. Finally, mention must not be omitted of the twenty-odd stunning photographs of the Big Bend country of the Río Grande.

Austin Peay State College
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George W. Boswell

Deutsche Volkslieder mit ihren Melodien, Vol. IV: *Balladen*, Part IV, Section 2. Ed. Erich Seemann and Walter Wiora. (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter & Co., 1959). Pp. 189-361.

Ten additional ballads of treachery and gore (Nos. 79-88) complete the fourth part of *Deutsche Volkslieder: Balladen* (see *MF* VIII [1958], 231-233, for my review of the first section of this book). Of particular interest to students of Anglo-American balladry is "Die Schlangenköchin," No. 79, the German analogue of "Lord Randal," Child No. 12. Seemann emphasizes three points which are typical of this ballad: first, the fact that animals, usually the hero's dog, get part of the poisoned food; second, the hero's bequests to his heirs; and third, the dialogue form of the song and the frequent use of refrain. Though none of these characteristics is peculiar to the Schlangenköchin ballad, the combination of these features has appeared in its variants with remarkable consistency throughout its vast area of dissemination, from Scotland to Italy, from Czechoslovakia to the United States.

The burden of Seemann's comments is limited to the analysis of the ballad's content. He has little to say on questions of the time and place of the ballad's origin. He rejects Scott's theory of a possible historical basis for the story. (Child apparently was inclined to accept Scott's view—at least enough to quote a chronicle account of the death of King John given by Scott in his preface to "Lord Randal." See Child's headnote, *E.S.P.B.*, I, 157.) Seemann further makes no conjecture on the date of the ballad except to note that it was first mentioned in print in 1629 (see Child's headnote), and to comment

that this ballad represents "a relatively early level within the history of the development of narrative song" (p. 208). He offers no statement on the area of the ballad's origin, but merely points out the lack of distinctly national characteristics in most of the variants.

The only other song in this part of *Deutsche Balladen* which has an analogue in Anglo-American balladry is "Die Mordeltern," No. 85, a popular if gruesome story of a greedy couple who unknowingly murder their own son for his money. The Anglo-American broadside ballad, "Edwin in the Lowlands Low," differs from the basic story in that it deals with the murder of a long-lost sailor by his sweetheart's father. Since the eighteenth century this theme of greed and murder has been especially favored in the drama; it has served as a plot for some eight authors ranging from George Lillo (*The Fatal Curiosity*, 1736) to Albert Camus (*Le Malentendu*, 1944). Because of the literary popularity of the theme and its special moral interest, Seemann concludes that the various ballads about the murderous parents (according to his analysis there are some nine subtypes) are not genetically related to one another. Rather, they have probably been inspired by reports of such an event current at various times and places, most of which have remained unconfirmed.

The gory ballad of "Die verkaufte Müllerin," No. 86, unknown in Anglo-American song tradition, might be of interest to students of folk belief. The song deals with a miller (traditionally a scoundrel in German lore) who sells his pregnant wife to thieves; they kill the woman to obtain the hand (cf. Motifs D 1162.2.1, and D 136.7, "Hand-of-glory") and heart (D 1361.8) of her unborn child as magical aids in their evil occupation. This horror story, possibly based on an actual event, became known through broadside ballads during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Germany and Scandinavia but not elsewhere, despite the widespread use of the basic motifs in the tales and legends of many European countries.

Other ballads included in this volume are probably not especially useful to American folklorists. "Der Hammerschmiedsohn," No. 88 (a girl's brother unwittingly kills the father of her unborn child), is apparently of modern origin (not earlier than the eighteenth century) and of limited currency (only some twenty variants) in German language areas. Five other ballads here (Nos. 80-84) stem from a German speech-island in South Slavic territory, Carniola, a former province of the Austrian Empire now part of Jugoslavia. For the most part, these ballads have arisen under the influence of Slavic folksongs, and seem to have little or no relationship to songs

in German popular tradition. Finally, one ballad from the Sudetenland (No. 87), extant only in a single German variant, is included. It is not clear why these songs which seem to be neither popular nor German appear in the main canon of German folksong.

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Barbara Allen Woods

TWO REPRINTS

Bulletin of the Folksong Society of the Northeast. (Philadelphia: The American Folklore Society, Bibliographical and Special Series, XI, 1960). Numbers 1-12 (1930-37), with introduction, index. \$6.50; \$6.00 to Members.

Legends of Hawaii. By Padraic Colum. (New Haven: Yale University Press, a Yale Paperbound, 1960 [1937].) xiv + 220 pp. Notes. \$1.45.

The attention of readers of *Midwest Folklore* should be drawn to these recently re-issued books. The first, which has long been a hard-to-come-by standard for folksong scholars, is now available with an introduction by Samuel P. Bayard and an index by Robert Black. It is, of course, a *tour de force* of the late Phillips Barry. In it is some of the indefatigable Barry's best work: the essays on *Communal Recreation* and *Das Volk Dichtet Nicht*; the studies of "Springfield Mountain," "The White Captive," "The Twa Sisters," and a host of other songs; numerous texts collected by Barry himself and people he inspired; and capable reviews. As one re-reads the pages of *The Bulletin*, he is struck by Barry's brilliance in realizing early the significance of music in folksong studies, by his willingness to hypothesize, even at the risk of being wrong, and by his tremendous energy. Perhaps, in the long run, it is the energy of Barry that impresses the most. For folklore, he incarnates days "of iron men and wooden ships" that are perhaps impossible in these times of university schedules, committee work, and limited private incomes.

Colum's effort is not impressive, especially when reviewed beside Barry's personal bulletin. Yale has probably re-issued the material because Hawaii has been admitted to the Union. The legends are, certainly, pleasant enough and bring one a flavor of the 50th State, but they are scarcely folklore—in most cases being re-workings by Colum of earlier re-workings by Hawaiian romancers and writers. Colum himself states that he has had to "condense, expand, heighten,

subdue, rearrange" the legends. The result is that while Barry's scholarship is a *must* for all librarians and serious folk scholars, Colum's fiction is, at very best, of passing interest.

*University of Pennsylvania
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Tristram P. Coffin

Armenian Legends and Poems. Comp. by Zabelle C. Boyajian. (London: J. M. Dent; New York: Columbia University Press, 1958). 196, pp. Color plates, indexes. \$7.50.

This fine quarto volume with rich postcard color illustrations was first issued in 1916, at a time when Armenia was being ravaged by war. It is now reprinted as a Golden Jubilee Publication of the Armenian General Benevolent Union. The compiler and illustrator (lately deceased) was an Armenian poet and painter.

The contents of the collection, though not divided, seem to fall into three loose categories: literary poetry; folksongs and poems; and historical prose. The first group covers the heritage of unknown and known authors from the early Christian era to the present. The themes of most of this poetry are on the somber side—love laments, exiles, loss of home and country, and the like. Some rather effective nature pieces remind one of Greek serenity and calm.

The second category has some interest for the folklorist, although even here I find only a few items that have motifs common to Western tradition. The folksongs and cradle songs have human touches that reach across time and space to us. A series of stanzas called "Charm Verses" used for fortune telling resemble some of our traditional games of love prophecy. In this group also are some fables featuring the fox, wolf, bear, stork, rose and nightingale, and so on. As in Aesop and Reynard, the fox is the cunning one. For example, in "The Fox, the Wolf, and the Bear" the bear blinds the wolf for his division of the game. The fox induces the bear to put his greedy paw into a trap. These folk items are curious, but without dates and other notes they are of limited use to the folklorist.

The third type found in the collection, the prose, consists in a few ancient myths and legends from Armenia's earliest historian, one Moses of Khorene (5th century). A precious piece or two may be mentioned: "Ara and Semiramis," and "Christ and Abgarus." This last is an exchange of letters between an Armenian king and Christ (written by St. Thomas). The last and longest piece is an essay, "Armenia: Its Epics, Folk-songs, and Medieval Poetry," by Aram Raffi.

The volume has limited importance for the folklorist, but for those interested it is a fine treasury of literature from this ancient Christian country.

Morehead State College
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Leonard Roberts

Martti Haavio. *Essais folkloristiques. Studia Fennica, VIII.* (Helsinki: Société de Littérature Finnoise, 1959). 270 pp.

In honor of Academician Martti Haavio's sixtieth birthday, the Finnish Literary Society has published a collection of his studies in folklore, which had appeared previously in various Finnish publications. In order to make this collection available to scholars outside of Finland, the articles are translated from the original Finnish, some into English, some into German, and some into French.

Haavio is one of the most outstanding folklorists of Northern Europe today. He is not only a scholar, but also a lyric poet of first rank. His very extensive scholarly work comprises folkloristic, mythological, and general humanistic themes. Among his bigger works, perhaps his study about Väinämöinen (available also in English), the main hero of the Finnish folk epos, and about the world outlook of folk poetry, should be mentioned in the first place. However, his smaller studies are not less significant.

It has not been an easy task to make a limited selection from the vast number of Haavio's scholarly works for the present volume. The selection is, in general, successful. Its twelve studies (first published between 1945 and 1957) give a good sample of Haavio's manifold scholarly activity. They represent a number of his favorite themes: ill luck, places of cult, erring spirits, the creation of songs, and "métaphore et topos."

The first study, "Post equitem sedet atra cura," deals with the theme of ill luck, the pertinacious cobolde, who follows his victim everywhere. Haavio traces the tricks of this cobolde from Horace up to the present day and takes his stand in the disputed question of his origin.

The problem of the places of cult is the subject of three articles. Two of them deal with the so-called holy trees. Haavio contends that not the tree or the spirit in the tree was worshipped originally, but the place where the family's sacrificial rites were performed. The tree just marked the place of sacrifice and thus became a family shrine. A study is devoted to the Karelian "hecatomb," the big ox

festival, which—according to Haavio—may be a relic of a time-honored custom of the clan's gathering for the purpose of worshiping their common gods.

The theme of "errant soul" seems to have the central position in Haavio's collection. The first of the four articles of this cycle deals with the fascinating problem of the soul-bird. Here Haavio, among other things, solves the enigma of little hollows in the stones ("Tassensteine") near cemetaries: he interprets them as vessels for food and drink for the bird-shaped souls of the dead. The study "A Running Stream They Dare na Cross," the title of which is borrowed from Robert Burns, takes up the question of the souls of the restless dead (murdered children, suicides, etc.). Since these dead are not equipped for overcoming the obstacles on their way to the other world, they remain near the locale of their death and haunt. Two studies discuss the *liekkiö* and *ihtiriekko*, two Finnish mythological beings, which both go back to the ideas of the errant souls of the murdered children, mingled with some features borrowed from birds.

The first of the articles devoted to the creation of songs starts with the origin of a Finnish riddle song, but switches over to the question of the origin of the riddle songs and riddle tales in general. Comparing riddle tales with the tales of one thousand and one nights, Haavio concludes that "the riddle tales are relics of riddle stories, elegantly composed and furnished with narrative framework." The study of the Finnish "Ballad of Two Royal Children" traces the theme of a young man's swimming to see his bride and his subsequent drowning, through various intermediary stages, ultimately back to the Greek "Hero and Leander." This theme of the man (Leander) as the infringer on God's (Aphrodite's) domain gets here a new interpretation typical of Haavio.

The last two studies, under the common heading "métaphore et topos," are about the Finnish metaphors for singing (and their classic counterparts) and about the "upside-down world." The latter, interpreted sociologically, takes us from the typically tall-tale atmosphere ("a mouse consecrating a bishop, cows baking bread, and infants engaged in work consoling their mothers") to the eternal conflict between modernist and traditionalist within the field of letters.

The volume closes with Haavio's bibliography (compiled by R. Puranen), which comprises over five hundred items, including his scholarly and popular works and *belles lettres*.

All the studies in the collection have a very definite personal form. It is typical for Haavio to begin his studies with a citation or an anecdote. The reader's interest, thus awakened, will not subside thereafter. It is kept alert by bringing in new motifs and parallels from folklores and literatures far and wide. With his broad knowledge of languages (his proficiency in the classical languages should be especially noted) and his great mastery of the field, Haavio moves freely and boldly—both diachronically and synchronically—over wide areas of popular creation.

The studies have been translated faithfully from Finnish; only now and then some slight changes have been made, evidently by the author (for instance, in the second and tenth articles). The reader misses the fine set of illustrations in the "Soul-Bird," which were given in the original Finnish version. The editing (by Lauri Honko) has been done carefully. Occasional misprints occur, especially in Russian expressions: *U pramsi na konja nje ujti* (p. 9) for *U pramči na konje . . .*; *Živaja starinna* (p. 236) for *Ž. starina*; the title of a study by Potebnja (p. 225 fn. 3) has become almost unrecognizable; the article "Man as the Infringer of God's Domain" was not published in 1955 (p. 9), but 1954, etc.

Essais folkloristiques is a collection of masterly studies in folklore and mythology. It bears witness not only of a great scholar, but also of a nation which has been one of the standard bearers in folklore.

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Felix J. Oinas

Readings in Canadian Slavic Folklore. I. Text in Ukrainian.
By J. B. Rudnyc'kyj. (Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba Press, 1958). 192 pp. \$1.00.

Ukrainian-Canadian Folklore. Texts in English translation. By J. B. Rudnyc'kyj. (Winnipeg: The Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 1960). 232 pp. \$1.00.

These works by J. B. Rudnyc'kyj, the head of the Department of Slavic Studies of the University of Manitoba, have been accomplished, thanks to the aid given to the author by the Humanities Research Council of Canada and the University of Manitoba. The author took a trip over Canada in 1953 and collected on a tape

recorder all kind of folklore material from Ukrainian settlers and other Slavic groups.

In Canada, there are many reasons why this special branch of Slavic spiritual culture it is not only retained but is a part of the present-day cultural life. The Slavic settlers not only cherish their cultural treasures, they in the same manner adapt them to the new environments and even create new cultural values. Therefore collection and studies of this folklore material in Canada are of a special importance, and the work of the Prof. J. B. Rudnyc'kyj is the first capital achievement in that field.

The first volume in Ukrainian was published by the University Manitoba in 1958, five years after the author collected and recorded his material. It is only a part of collected material now in disposition of the Department of Slavic Studies of the University of Manitoba. The volume contains a selection from the various types of material on the basis of relative popularity, individuality, and correspondence with other forms of Slavic folklore now cultivated in Canada.

The majority of texts are of the Ukrainian group, the largest and perhaps most dynamic among the Slavs in Canada. In the introduction of the book, the author states that:

. . . alongside Canadians of British, French, and other origin, the Slavs in Canada cultivate a love for the language, songs, and other traditions of their forefathers. In doing so they are enriching the patterns of Canadian culture and contributing to Canadian spiritual growth . . . With their arrival a rich stock of folksong, legends, tales, traditional beliefs, proverbs, etc., was transplanted from Europe and cultivated on Canadian soil. New items were subsequently created in the new country and were added to the old treasures. There were several reasons for the preservation and further development of Slavic folklore in this country.

The first volume consists of eight chapters: 1) Toponomy—stories of the origin of local names; 2) Pioneer stories; 3) Canadian humor—stories of misunderstanding due to language difficulties, etc.; 4) Social traditions and rituals; 5) Songs about Canada; 6) Proverbs; 7) Songs and remembrances of the Old Country; 8) Miscellanea: Ukrainian songs popular in Canada.

The books present valuable and interesting material for students of Slavic folkways. Outside of the Ukraine itself, there is no place comparable to Canada where Ukrainian folklore and traditions could be studied. The Soviet rule has introduced severe changes into national life in Ukraine. Therefore the Canadian group of Ukrainians represents a kind of lucky isle for conservation of folklore and tradi-

tions, and also for their scientific studies. Thus the work of Rudnyc'kyj has a double value and importance.

The second volume, in English, contains actually the same kind of material. However, here folksongs are most abundant, no Toponymy chapter and Pioneer stories. The volume is divided in two parts: I) Traditional "Old Country" folklore transplanted to Canada, and II) Ukrainian folklore adapted to or created in Canada. This volume is published by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, and both volumes supplementing each other represent a valuable contribution to the Slavic Studies in America.

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Lithuanian Folksongs in America. Narrative Songs and Ballads. Recorded and edited by Jonas Balys (Boston: Lithuanian Encyclopedia Publishers, 1958). xlvi + 326 pp.

Scholars and students of the Balto-Slavic folklore in America will warmly receive this first Lithuanian-American collection of folksongs in the original language. The Lithuanian folklorist in the U.S., Jonas Balys, author of *Lithuanian Narrative Folksongs, a Description of types and a Bibliography* (English edition, Washington, 1954) and several other works, collected his material with a tape recorder in the summers of 1949 and 1950. His field work was sponsored by the American Philosophical Society, Indiana University and the American Lithuanian National Council. This enabled him to collect more than 1,000 items in the field of the Lithuanian *dainos*. The volume under review is restricted only to 472 variants of ballads and other songs of narrative character. All texts are given in the original Lithuanian language. A summary of contents is added on pp. IX-XLI. The melodies have been transcribed from the tapes by Vladas Jakubenas and published on pp. 262-306. The book is closed by a special index of data about songs and singers, their age, place of birth, and the settlement in the U.S. and by two indices: Personal and Geographical Names in Songs (p. 325).

According to the folklore typology of the New World, the bulk of the songs presented in this volume belong to the so-called "transplanted folklore." The author himself is conscious of this fact stating

that "many of the songs . . . are no more in common use as 'popular songs.' They were preserved in the memories of gifted folk singers as reminiscences of their youth and relics of old times and the Old Country. These songs can be called 'folklore of the past' . . ." (p. VIII). It is indeed so and it is a pity that extremely few other folksongs (7) have been found. In his collections of the Ukrainian and other Slavic folklore in Canada this reviewer has found several items of the "adapted" or "newly created" folklore. It refers to the first days of the pioneering in a new country, new life experiences, new surroundings, etc. Such songs are exceptional in the book under review. Only items 342-349 depict the "Old Country" and the new life in America. It might be explained by the relatively late settlement of Lithuanians in the U.S.

The Lithuanian "Old Country" folksongs, as presented in Balys' book, refer to the following spheres: youth and maiden (pp. 1-92), family (93-128), cruelty (129-152), war (153-183), historical (184-191), magic (192-206), dead (207-216), fate (217-229), drowning (230-239), hunting (240-245), animals, birds, and plants (246-259).

Very interesting are the historical songs containing the (sad!) reminiscences about the revolt against Russians in 1831 and 1863, the massacre of Lithuanians in the church of *Kražiai* in 1893, about the war of independence of Lithuania in 1919-1920, about the guerillas in 1944, etc.

Two songs (45 and 46) mention *Krajina* which is referred by the author as to *Ukraina* (pp. XI and 325). In this reviewer's book *The Term and Name Ukraine* (Winnipeg 1951) the identification of *krajina*=*Ukrajina* has been thoroughly discussed and—in his opinion—it is not necessary to identify them in the Lithuanian folksongs. *Krapina* is here a Slavic borrowing and means simply "a remote country." Thus, there is no need to capitalize it since it is a *nomen appellativum*, and not a toponymic.

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Norwegian Folklore Simplified. By Zinken Hopp. Translated by Toni Ramholt. (Bergen, Norway: John Grieg, 1959). 107 pp. Illustrated by the author. 6.50 NKr.

Folklore in Yugoslavia. By the Tourist Association of Yugoslavia. (Belgrade: The Tourist Association of Yugoslavia, n.d.). 30 pp. (unnumbered). Illustrations by Professor Zdenka Sertić. 10¢.

Norwegian Folklore Simplified and *Folklore in Yugoslavia* were written for tourists, not for scholars. Despite their deliberate popular appeal, however, and despite considerable over-simplification, these two books are reliable guides to the materials which they describe. They have much of the appeal and considerable of the effect of a Sunday afternoon stroll through a good open-air or folk museum accompanied by a knowledgeable guide. If one has a complaint, it is that his Norwegian guide is too coyly whimsical and his Yugoslavian guide too pedestrian, and that both have moved too hastily past each exhibit.

There is a kind of sameness about these books which is also reminiscent of folk museums. This does not imply that either book served as a basis for the other; it merely emphasizes the fact that both reflect the prevailing European definition of the word *folklore* which, inconceivable as it may seem, is far broader than the American definition. The Norwegian book, for example, begins with a brief chapter entitled "Medieval Heritage" and continues with chapters about "Our Peasant Community," "Furniture and Fixtures," "Simple Pleasures," "The Invisible Ones," and concludes with an unnecessary chapter called "Norwegian Mentality." The Yugoslavian book parallels this closely with sections called "Types of Peasant Houses," "National Handicraft," "Musical Instruments," and "National Costumes, Life, and Work." In other words, the major elements of peasant culture are discussed in relatively the same order, and it becomes apparent that to the authors of these two books (as to many of their colleagues) the word *folklore* refers to the whole of non-urban culture rather than to those things which may have been transmitted in oral tradition.

Approximately fifty of the 107 pages of *Norwegian Folklore Simplified* and approximately fifteen of the thirty pages of *Folklore in Yugoslavia* are, however, devoted to the materials of oral tradition. Two chapters of the Norwegian book ("Simple Pleasures" and "The Invisible Ones") are devoted to folksongs, stev, folkmusic (and in-

struments), folkdance, customs (even a kind of rustic, ritual combat), belief, superstition, supernatural creatures, and folktales. These materials are discussed within the framework of an imagined rural scene and thus given a kind of liveliness that is not apparent in the committee-written Yugoslavian book where customs, songs, dances, games, and beliefs are subordinated to descriptions of the artefacts to which they are related—decorated eggs, musical instruments, costumes, implements, and decorative art. However, Profesor Sertić's detailed line drawings and water color sketches supply the vitality which the writing lacks.

Norwegian Folklore Simplified, too, is profusely illustrated, primarily with rather casual line drawings, but these drawings are definitely subordinated to the text, while the text of *Folklore in Yugoslavia* is scarcely more than an extended caption for the illustrations. A strange result of this is that the Norwegian book, even though it is far more inclusive than is the Yugoslavian book, seems somehow the less serious of the two. In his attempt to capture the interest of his intended audience, Mr. Hopp has relied upon a kind of humor which somehow seems condescending to both his audience and his subject matter; the matter-of-fact approach employed in *Folklore in Yugoslavia* appears to be more reliable even though the appearance is false.

One unacquainted with folklore could read either of these books with considerable profit, especially were he about to visit either Norway or Yugoslavia. Moreover, since there is nothing misleading in either pamphlet, each serves as an excellent introduction to the folklore of its own area. Thus, in the absence of a more extensive treatment of Norwegian or Yugoslavian folklore as a whole in English or one of the more commonly read European languages, *Norwegian Folklore Simplified* and *Folklore in Yugoslavia* will not be out of place in the specialist's library.

Unfortunately, neither book is easily available in the United States. *Norwegian Folklore Simplified* can be purchased directly from its publisher—John Griegs Boktrykkeri, Bergen, Norway—for about one dollar; *Folklore in Yugoslavia* can be purchased from the Yugoslav State Tourist Office, 509 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York, for ten cents.

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